THE

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## THE LAST GOOD-BYE.

BY SADIE BEATTY.

How dark the shadows grow, darling,
All faintly comes my breath:
Ah, me! I soon shall feel and know
The mystery of death;
In vain you strive to hold me here,
To keep me ever nigh,
The wings of Azrael hover near,
And we must say good-bye.

But this is not the first, darling,
We've said good-bye before,
And tears of sorrow seemed to burst
Up from the full heart's core;
Yet still we hoped to meet again,
Renew each earthly tie,
Dear love, it is not now as then,
This is the last good-bye.

It is a sacred word, darling,
All other words above,
And from our lips it ne'er was heard
Save by the ones we love;
Adieu will serve this world of show,
For soon their tears they dry,
'Tis only when the dear ones go
We care to say good-bye.

We're drifting far apart, darling,
And when we meet again
'Twill be to join with tongue and heart
The angels' glad amen.
The star of peace beams from the shore,
Where I am drawing nigh,
Then, darling, kiss me just once more,
And take the last good-bye!

# EAST LYNNE;

## OR,

# THE ELOPEMENT.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD.

AUBREY MEETS THE INDIAN ANTONIO IN THE FOREST.

[See Story in Little Pages.]

### CHAPTER I.

THE LADY ISABEL.

In an easy-chair of the spacious and handsome library of his town-house, sat William, Earl of Mount Severn. His hair was gray, the smoothness of his expansive brow was defaced by premature wrinkles, and his once attractive face bore the pale, unmistakable look of dissipation. One of his feet was cased in folds of linen, as it rested on a soft velvet ottoman, speaking of gout as plainly as any foot ever spoke yet. It would seem—to look at the man as he sat there—that he had grown old before his time. And so he had. His years were barely nine-and-forty, yet, in all, save years, he was an aged man.

A noted character had been the Earl of Mount Severn. Not that he had been a renowned politician or a great general, or an eminent statesman, or even an active member in the Upper House; not for any of these had the earl's name been in the months of men. But for the most reckless among the reckless, for the spendthrift among spendthrifts, for the gamester above all gamesters, and for a gay man outstripping the gay—by these characteristics did the world know Lord Mount Severn. It was said his faults were those of his head; that a better heart or more generous spirit never beat in human form; and there was much truth in this. It had been well for him had he lived and died plain William Vane. Up to his five-and-twentieth year, he had been industrious and steady, had kept his terms in the Temple, and studied late and early. The sober application of William Vane had been a by-word with the embryo barristers around; Judge Vane, they ironically called him; and they strove ineffectually to allure him away to idleness and pleasure. But young Vane was ambitious, and he knew that on his own talents and exertions must depend his rising in the world. He was of excellent family, but poor, counting a relative in the old Earl of Mount Severn. The possibility of his succeeding to the earldom never occurred to him, for three healthy lives, two of them young, stood between him and the title. Yet those have died off; one of apoplexy, one of fever, in Africa, the third boating in Oxford; and the young Temple student, William Vane, suddenly found himself Earl of Mount Severn, and the lawful possessor of sixty thousand pounds a year.

His first idea was, that he should never be able to spend the money; that such a sum, year by year, could not be spent. It was a wonder his head was not turned by adulation at the onset, for he was courted, flattered, and caressed by all classes, from a royal duke downward. He became the most attractive man of his day, the lion in society; for, independent of his newly-acquired wealth and title, he was of distinguished appearance and fascinating manners. But, unfortunately, the prudence which had sustained William Vane, the poor law student, in his solitary Temple chambers, entirely forsook William Vane, the young Earl of Mount Severn, and he commenced his career on a scale of speed so great, that all staid people said he was going to ruin and the deuce headlong.

But a peer of the realm, and one whose rent-roll is sixty thousand pounds per annum, does not go to ruin in a day. There sat the earl, in his library now, in his nine and-fortieth year, and ruin had not come yet—that is, it had not overwhelmed him. But the embarrassments which had clung to him, and been the destruction of his tranquility, the bane of his existence, who shall describe them? The public knew them pretty well, his private friends better, his creditors best; but none, save himself knew, or could ever know, the worrying torment that was his portion, well-nigh driving him to distraction. Years ago, by dint of looking things steadily in the face, and by economizing, he might have retrieved his position; but he had done what most people will do in such cases—put off the evil day, and gone on increasing his enormous list of debts. The hour of exposure and ruin was now advancing fast.

Perhaps the earl himself was thinking so, as he sat there before an enormous mass of papers which strewed the library table. His thoughts were back in the past. That was a foolish match of his, that Gretna Green match for love, foolish so far as prudence went; but the countess had been an affectionate wife to him, had borne with his follies and his neglect, had been an admirable mother to their only child. One child alone had been theirs, and in her thirteenth year the countess had died. If they had but been blessed with a son—the earl groaned over the long-continued disappointment still—he might then have seen a way out of his difficulties. The boy, as soon as he was of age, would have joined with him in cutting off the entail, and—

"My lord," said a servant, entering the room and interrupting the earl's castles in the air, "a gentleman is asking to see you."

"Who?" cried the earl, sharply, not perceiving the card the man was bringing. No unknown person, although wearing the externals of a foreign ambassador, was ever admitted unceremoniously to the presence of Lord Mount Severn. Years of duns had taught the servants caution.

"His card is here, my lord. It is Mr. Carlyle, of West Lynne."

"Mr. Carlyle, of West Lynne," groaned the earl, whose foot just then had an awful twinge, "what does he want? Show him up."

The servant did as he was bid, and introduced Mr. Carlyle. Look at the visitor well, reader, for he will play his part in this history. He was a very tall man, of seven-and-twenty, of remarkably noble presence. He was somewhat given to stooping his head when he spoke to any one shorter than himself; it was a peculiar habit, almost to be called a bowing habit, and his father had possessed it before him; when told of it, he would laugh, and say he was unconscious of doing it. His features were good, his complexion was pale and clear, his hair dark, and his full eyelids drooped over his deep gray eyes. Altogether, it was a countenance that both men and women liked to look upon—the index of an honorable, sincere nature—not that it would have been called a handsome face, so much as a pleasing and distinguished one. Though but the son of a country lawyer, and destined to be a lawyer himself, he had received the training of a gentleman, had been educated at Rugby, and taken his degree at Oxford. He advanced at once to the earl, in the straightforward way of a man of business—of a man who has come on business.

"Mr. Carlyle," said the latter, holding out his hand—he was always deemed the most affable peer of the age—"I am happy to see you. You perceive I cannot rise; at least without great pain and inconvenience; my enemy, the gout, has possession of me again. Take a seat. Are you staying in town?"

"I have just arrived from West Lynne. The chief object of my journey was to see your lordship."

"What can I do for you?" asked the earl, uneasily; for a suspicion now crossed his mind that Mr. Carlyle might be acting for some one of his many troublesome creditors.

Mr. Carlyle drew his chair nearer to the earl, and spoke in a low tone—

"A rumor came to my ears, my lord, that East Lynne was in the market."

"A moment, sir," exclaimed the earl, with reserve, not to say hauteur in his tone, for his suspicions were gaining ground; "are we to converse confidentially together, as men of honor, or is there something concealed behind?"

"I do not understand you," said Mr. Carlyle.

"In a word—excuse my speaking plainly, but I must feel my ground—are you here on the part of some of my rascally creditors, to pump information out of me, that otherwise they would not get?"

"My lord!" uttered the visitor, "I should be incapable of so dishonorable an action. I know that a lawyer gets credit for possessing but lax notions on the score of honor, but you can scarcely suspect I should be guilty of underhand work toward you. I never was guilty of a mean trick in my life, to my recollection, and I do not think I ever shall be."

"Pardon me, Mr. Carlyle. If you knew half the tricks and ruses played upon me, you would not wonder at my suspecting all the world. Proceed with your business."

"I heard that East Lynne was for private sale; your agent dropped half a word to me in confidence. If so, I should wish to be the purchaser."

"For whom?" inquired the earl.

"Myself."

"You!" laughed the earl. "Egad! lawyering can't be such bad work, Carlyle."

"Nor is it," rejoined Mr. Carlyle, "with an extensive first-class connection, such as ours. But you must remember that a good fortune was left me by my uncle, and a large one by my father."

"I know. The proceeds of lawyering also."

"Not altogether. My mother brought a fortune on her marriage, and it enabled my father to speculate successfully. I have been looking out for an eligible property to invest my money upon, and East Lynne will suit me well, provided I can have the refusal of it, and we can agree about terms."

Lord Mount Severn mused for a few moments before he spoke. "Mr. Carlyle," he began, "my affairs are very bad, and ready money I must find somewhere. Now East Lynne is not entailed; neither is it mortgaged to anything like its value, though the latter fact, as you may imagine, is not patent to the world. When I bought it a bargain, eighteen years ago, you were the lawyer on the other side, I remember."

"My father," smiled Mr. Carlyle. "I was a child at the time."

"Of course, I ought to have said your father. By selling East Lynne, a few thousands will come into my hands, after claims on it are settled; I have no other means of raising the wind, and that is why I have resolved to part with it. But now, understand, if it were known abroad that East Lynne is going from me, I should have a hornet's nest about my ears; so that it must be disposed of privately. Do you comprehend?"

"Perfectly," replied Mr. Carlyle.

"I would as soon you bought it as any one else, if, as you say, we can agree about terms."

"What does your lordship expect for it—at a rough estimate?"

"For particulars I must refer you to my men of business, Warburton and Ware. Not less than seventy thousand pounds."

"Too much, my lord," cried Mr. Carlyle, decisively.

"And that's not its value," returned the earl.

"These forced sales never do fetch their value," answered the plain-speaking lawyer. "Until this hint was given me by Beauchamp, I had thought that East Lynne was settled upon your lordship's daughter."

"There's nothing settled on her," rejoined the earl, the contraction on his brow standing out more plainly. "That comes of your thoughtless runaway marriages. I fell in love with General Conway's daughter, and she ran away with me, like a fool; that is we were both fools together for our pains. The general objected to me; and said I must sow my wild oats before he would give me Mary; so I took her to Gretna Green, and she became Countess of Mount Severn, without a settlement. It was an unfortunate affair, taking one thing with another. When her elopement was made known to the general, it killed him."

"Killed him!" interrupted Mr. Carlyle.

"It did. He had disease of the heart, and the excitement brought on the crisis. My poor wife never was happy from that hour; she blamed herself for her father's death, and I believe it led to her own. She was ill for years; the doctors called it consumption; but it was more like a wasting insensibly away, and consumption never had been in her family. No luck ever attends runaway marriages; I have noticed it since, in many, many instances; something bad is sure to turn up from it."

"There might have been a settlement executed after the marriage," observed Mr. Carlyle, for the earl had stopped, and seemed lost in thought.

"I know there might; but there was not. My wife had possessed no fortune; I was already deep in my career of extravagance; and neither of us thought of making provision for our future children; or, if we thought of it, we did not do it. There is an old saying, Mr. Carlyle, that what may be done at any time, is never done."

Mr. Carlyle bowed.

"So my child is portionless," resumed the earl, with a suppressed sigh. "The thought that it may be an embarrassing thing for her, were I to die before she is settled in life, crosses my mind when I am in a serious mood. That she will marry well, there is little doubt, for she possesses beauty in a rare degree, and has been reared as an English girl should be, not to frivolity and foppery. She was trained by her mother, (who, save for the mad act she was persuaded into by me, was all goodness and refinement) for the first twelve years of her life, and since then by an admirable governess. No fear that she will be decamping to Gretna Green."

"She was a very lovely child," observed the lawyer; "I remember that."

"Ay; you have seen her at East Lynne, in her mother's lifetime. But, to return to business. If you become the purchaser of the East Lynne estate, Mr. Carlyle, it must be under the rose. The money that it brings, after paying off the mortgage, I must have, as I tell you, for my private use; and you know I should not be able to touch a farthing of it, if the confounded public got an inkling of the transfer. In the eyes of the world, the proprietor of East Lynne must be Lord Mount Severn—at least, for some little time afterward. Perhaps you will not object to that."

Mr. Carlyle considered before replying; and then the conversation was resumed, when it was decided that he should see Warburton and Ware the first thing in the morning and confer with them. It was growing late when he rose to leave.

"Stay and dine with me," said the earl.

Mr. Carlyle hesitated, and looked down at his dress—plain, gentlemanly, morning attire, but certainly not dinner costume for a peer's table.

"Oh, that's nothing," said the earl; "we shall be quite alone, except my daughter. Mrs. Vane, of Castle Marling, is staying with us. She came up to present my child at the last drawing-room, but I think I heard something about her dining out to-day. If not, we will have it by ourselves here. Oblige me by touching the bell, Mr. Carlyle, and set the trouble down to the score of my unfortunate foot.

The servant entered.

"Inquire whether Mrs. Vane dines at home," said the earl.

"Mrs. Vane dines out, my lord," was the man's immediate reply. "The carriage is at the door now, waiting to take her."

"Very well. Mr. Carlyle remains."

At seven o'clock the dinner was announced, and the earl wheeled into the adjoining room. As he and Mr. Carlyle entered it at one door, some one else came in by the opposite one. Who—what—was it? Mr. Carlyle looked, not quite sure whether it was a human being—he almost thought it more like an angel.

A light graceful, girlish form, a face of surpassing beauty, beauty that is rarely seen, save from the imagination of a painter, dark shining curls falling on her neck and shoulders smooth as a child's, fair delicate arms decorated with pearls, and a flowing dress of costly white lace. Altogether the vision did indeed look to the lawyer as one from a fairer world than this.

"My daughter, Mr. Carlyle, the Lady Isabel."

They took their seats at the table. Lord Mount Severn at its head, in spite of his gout and his foot-stool. And the young lady and Mr. Carlyle opposite each other. Mr. Carlyle had not deemed himself a particular admirer of woman's beauty, but the extraordinary loveliness of the young girl before him nearly took away his senses and his self-possession. Yet, it was not so much the perfect contour of the exquisite features that struck him, or the rich damask of the delicate cheek, or the luxuriant falling hair; no, it was the sweet expression of the soft dark eyes. Never in his life had he seen eyes so pleasing. He could not keep his gaze from her, and he became conscious, as he grew more familiar with her face, that there was in its character a sad, sorrowful look; only at times was it to be noticed when the features were in repose, and it lay chiefly in the very eyes he was admiring. Never does this unconsciously mournful expression exist, but it is a sure index of sorrow and suffering; but Mr. Carlyle understood it not. And who could connect sorrow with the anticipated brilliant future of Isabel Vane?

"Isabel," observed the earl, "you are dressed."

"Yes, papa. Not to keep old Mrs. Levison waiting tea. She likes to take it early, and I know Mrs. Vane must have kept her waiting dinner. It was past six when she drove from here."

"I hope you will not be late to-night, Isabel."

"It depends upon Mrs. Vane."

"Then I am sure you will be. When the young ladies, in this fashionable world of ours, turn night into day, it is a bad thing for their roses. What say you, Mr. Carlyle?"

Mr. Carlyle glanced at the roses on the cheeks opposite to him; they looked too fresh and bright to fade lightly.

At the conclusion of dinner a maid entered the room with a white cashmere mantle, placing it over the shoulders of her young lady, as she said the carriage was waiting.

Lady Isabel advanced to the earl.

"Good-night, papa."

"Good-night, my love," he answered, drawing her toward him, and kissing her sweet face. "Tell Mrs. Vane I will not have you kept out till morning hours. You are but a child yet. Mr. Carlyle, will you ring? I am debarred from seeing my daughter to the carriage."

"If your lordship will allow me—if Lady Isabel will pardon the attendance of one little used to wait upon young ladies, I shall be proud to see her to her carriage," was the somewhat confused answer of Mr. Carlyle, as he touched the bell.

The earl thanked him, and the young lady smiled, and Mr. Carlyle conducted her down the broad lighted staircase, and stood bareheaded by the door of the luxurious chariot, and handed her in. She put out her hand in her frank, pleasant manner, as she wished him good-night. The carriage rolled on its way, and Mr. Carlyle returned to the earl.

"Well, is she not a handsome girl?" he demanded.

"Handsome is not the word for beauty such as hers," was Mr. Carlyle's reply, in a low, warm tone. "I never saw a face half so beautiful."

"She caused quite a sensation at the drawing-room last week—as I hear. This everlasting gout kept me in-doors all day. And she is as good as she is beautiful."

The earl was not partial. Lady Isabel was wondrously gifted by nature, not only in mind and person, but in heart. She was as little like a fashionable young lady as it was well possible to be, partly because she had hitherto been secluded from the great world, partly from the care bestowed upon her training. During the lifetime of her mother, she had lived occasionally at East Lynne, but mostly at a larger seat of the earl's in Wales, Mount Severn; since her mother's death, she had remained entirely at Mount Severn, under the charge of a judicious governess, a very small establishment being kept up for them, and the earl paying them impromptu and flying visits. Generous and benevolent she was, timid and sensitive to a degree, gentle, and considerate to all. Do not cavil at her being thus praised—admire and love her whilst you may, she is worthy of it now, in her innocent girlhood; the time will come when such praise would be misplaced. Could the fate that was to overtake his child have been foreseen by the earl, he would have struck her down to death, in his love, as she stood before him, rather than suffer her to enter upon it.

### CHAPTER II.

THE BROKEN CROSS.

Lady Isabel's carriage continued its way, and deposited her at the residence of Mrs. Levison. Mrs. Levison was nearly eighty years of age, and very severe in speech and manner; or, as Mrs. Vane expressed it, "crabbed." She looked the image of impatience when Isabel entered, with her cap pushed all awry, and pulling at her black satin gown, for Mrs. Vane had kept her waiting dinner, and Isabel was keeping her from her tea; and that does not agree with the aged, with their health or their temper.

"I fear I am late," exclaimed Lady Isabel, as she advanced to Mrs. Levison, "but a gentleman dined with papa to-day, and it made us rather longer at table."

"You are twenty-five minutes behind your time," cried the old lady, sharply, "and I want my tea. Emma, order it in."

Mrs. Vane rang the bell, and did as she was bid. She was a little woman of six-and-twenty, very plain in face, but elegant in figure, very accomplished, and vain to her fingers' ends. Her mother, who was dead, had been Mrs. Levison's daughter, and her husband, Raymond Vane, was presumptive heir to the earldom of Mount Severn.

"Won't you take that tippet off, child?" asked Mrs. Levison, who knew nothing of the new-fashioned names for such articles, mantle, bernous, and all the string of them; and Isabel threw it off and sat down by her.

"The tea is not made, grandmamma!" exclaimed Mrs. Vane, in an accent of astonishment, as the servants appeared with the tray and the silver urn. "You surely do not have it made in the room?"

"Where should I have it made?" inquired Mrs. Levison.

"It is much more convenient to have it brought in, ready made," said Mrs. Vane. "I dislike the embarrassment of making it."

"Indeed!" was the reply of the old lady; "and get it slopped over in the saucers, and as cold as milk! You always were lazy, Emma—and given to use those French words. I'd rather stick a printed label on my forehead for my part, 'I speak French,' and let the world know it in that way."

"Who makes tea for you in general?" asked Mrs. Vane, telegraphing a contemptuous glance to Isabel behind her grandmother.

But the eyes of Lady Isabel fell timidly, and a blush rose to her cheeks. She did not like to appear to differ from Mrs. Vane, her senior, and her father's guest; but her mind revolted at the bare idea of ingratitude or ridicule cast on an aged parent.

"Harriet comes in and makes it for me," replied Mrs. Levison; "aye and sits down and takes it with me when I am alone, which is pretty often. What do you say to that, Madame Emma; you with your fine notions?"

"Just as you please, of course, grandmamma."

"And there's the tea-caddy at your elbow, and the urn's fixing away, and if we are to have any tea to-night, it had better be made."

"I don't know how much to put in," grumbled Mrs. Vane, who had the greatest horror of soiling her hands or her gloves; who, in short, had a particular antipathy to doing anything useful.

"Shall I make it, dear Mrs. Levison?" said Isabel, rising with alacrity. "I used to make it quite as often as my governess at Mount Severn, and I make it for papa."

"Do, child," replied the old lady. "You are worth ten of her."

Isabel laughed merrily, drew off her gloves, and sat down to the table: and at that moment a young and elegant man lounged into the room. He was deemed handsome, with his clearly-cut features, his dark eyes, his raven hair, and his white teeth; but to a keen observer those features had not an attractive expression, and the dark eyes had a great knack of looking away while he spoke to you. It was Francis, Captain Levison.

He was grandson to the old lady, and first cousin to Mrs. Vane. Few men were so fascinating in manners (at times and seasons), in face and in form, few men won so completely upon their hearers' ears, and few were so heartless in their heart of hearts. The world courted him, and society honored him; for though he was a graceless spendthrift, and it was known that he was, he was the presumptive heir to the old and rich Sir Peter Levison.

The ancient lady spoke up—"Captain Levison, Lady Isabel Vane." They both acknowledged the introduction; and Isabel, a child yet in the ways of the world, blushed crimson at the admiring looks cast upon her by the young guardsman. Strange—strange that she should make the acquaintance of those two men in the same day, almost in the same hour; the two, of all the human race, who were to exercise so powerful an influence over her future life!

"That's a pretty cross, child," cried Mrs. Levison, as Isabel stood by her when tea was over, and she and Mrs. Vane were about to depart on their evening visit.

She alluded to a golden cross, set with seven emeralds, which Isabel wore on her neck. It was of light, delicate texture, and was suspended from a thin, short gold chain.

"Is it not pretty?" answered Isabel. "It was given me by my dear mamma just before she died. Stay, I will take it off for you. I only wear it upon great occasions."

This, her first grand party at a grand duke's, seemed a very great occasion to the simply-reared and inexperienced girl. She unclasped the chain, and placed it with the cross in the hands of Mrs. Levison.

"Why, I declare you have nothing on but that cross and some rubbishing pearl bracelets!" uttered Mrs. Vane to Isabel.

"I did not look at you before."

"Mamma gave me both. The bracelets are those she used frequently to wear."

"You old-fashioned child! Because your mamma wore those bracelets, years ago, is that a reason for your doing so?" retorted Mrs. Vane. "Why did you not put on your diamonds?"

"I—did—put on my diamonds; but I—took them off again," stammered Isabel.

"What on earth for?"

"I did not like to look too fine," answered Isabel, with a laugh and a blush. "They glittered so! I feared it might be thought I had put them on to look fine."

"Ah! I see you mean to set up in that class of people who pretend to despise ornaments," scornfully remarked Mrs. Vane. "It is the refinement of affectation, Lady Isabel."

The sneer fell harmlessly on Isabel's ear. She only believed something had put Mrs. Vane out of temper. It certainly had; and that something, though Isabel little suspected it, was the evident admiration Captain Levison evinced for her fresh, young beauty; it quite absorbed him, and rendered him neglectful even of Mrs. Vane.

"Here child, take your cross," said the old lady. "It is very pretty; prettier on your neck then diamonds would be. You don't want embellishing; never mind what Emma says."

Francis Levison took the cross and the chain from her hand to pass them to Lady Isabel. Whether he was awkward, or whether her hands were full, for she held her gloves, her handkerchief, and had just taken up her mantle, certain it is, that it fell; and the gentleman, in his too quick effort to regain it, managed to set his foot upon it, and the cross was broken in two.

"There! Now whose fault was that?" cried Mrs. Levison.

Isabel did not answer; her heart was very full. She took the broken cross, and the tears dropped from her eyes; she could not help it.

"Why you are never crying over a stupid bauble of a cross!" uttered Mrs. Vane, interrupting Captain Levison's expressions of regret at his awkwardness.

"You can have it mended, dear," interposed Mrs. Levison.

Lady Isabel chased away the tears, and turned to Captain Levison with a cheerful look. "Pray do not blame yourself," she good-naturedly said; "the fault was as much mine as yours; and, as Mrs. Levison says, I can get it mended."

She disengaged the upper part of the cross from the chain as she spoke, and clasped the latter round her neck.

"You will not go with that thin string of gold on, and nothing else!" uttered Mrs. Vane.

"Why not?" returned Isabel. "If people say anything, I can tell them an accident happened to the cross."

Mrs. Vane burst into a laugh of mocking ridicule. "'If people say anything!'" she repeated, in a tone according with the laugh. "They are not likely to 'say anything,' but they will deem Lord Mount Severn's daughter unfortunately short of jewelry."

Isabel smiled, and shook her head. "They saw my diamonds at the drawing-room."

"If you had done such an awkward thing for me, Francis Levison," burst forth the old lady, "my doors should have been closed against you for a month. There, if you are to go, Emma, you had better go; dancing off to begin an evening at ten o'clock at night! In my time we used to go at seven; but it's the custom now to turn night into day."

"When George the Third dined at one o'clock on boiled mutton and turnips," put in the graceless captain, who certainly held his grandmother in no more reverence than did Mrs. Vane.

He turned to Isabel as he spoke, to hand her down-stairs. Thus she was conducted to her carriage the second time that night by a stranger. Mrs. Vane got down by herself, as she best could, and her temper was not improved by the process.

"Good-night," said she to the captain.

"I shall not say good-night. You will find me there almost as soon as you."

"You told me you were not coming. Some bachelor's party in the way."

"Yes, but I have changed my mind. Farewell for the present, Lady Isabel."

"What an object you will look, with nothing on your neck but a schoolgirl's chain!" began Mrs. Vane, returning to the grievance, as the carriage drove on.

"Oh, Mrs. Vane, what does it signify! I can only think of my broken cross. I am sure it must be an evil omen."

"An evil—what?"

"An evil omen. Mamma gave me that cross when she was dying. She told me to let it be to me as a talisman, always to keep it safely; and when I was in any distress, or in need of counsel, to look at it and strive to recall what her advice would be, and to act accordingly. And now it is broken—broken."

A glaring gas-light flashed into the carriage, right into the face of Isabel. "I declare," uttered Mrs. Vane, "you are crying again! I tell you what it is, Isabel, I am not going to chaperon red eyes to the Duchess of Dartford's, so if you can't put a stop to this, I shall order the carriage home, and go on alone."

Isabel meekly dried her eyes, sighing deeply as she did so. "I can have the pieces joined, I dare say; but it will never be the same cross to me again."

"What have you done with the pieces?" irascibly asked Mrs. Vane.

"I folded them in the thin paper Mrs. Levison gave me, and put it inside my frock. Here it is," touching the body. "I have no pocket on."

Mrs. Vane gave vent to a groan. She never had been a girl herself—she had been a woman at ten; and she complimented Isabel upon being little better than an imbecile. "'Put it inside my frock!'" she uttered, in a torrent of scorn. "And you eighteen years of age! I fancied you left off 'frocks' when you left the nursery. For shame, Isabel!"

"I meant to say my dress," corrected Isabel.

"Meant to say you are a baby idiot!" was the inward comment of Mrs. Vane.

A few minutes and Isabel forgot her grievance. The brilliant rooms were to her as an enchanting scene of dreamland, for her heart was in its springtide of early freshness, and the satiety of experience had not come. How could she remember trouble, even the broken cross, as she bent to the homage offered her and drank in the honeyed words poured forth into her ear?

"Hallo!" cried an Oxford student, with a long rent-roll in prospective, who was screwing himself against the wall, not to be in the way of the waltzers, "I thought you had given up coming to these places."

"So I had," replied the fast nobleman addressed, the son of a marquis. "But I am on the lookout, so am forced into them again. I think a ball-room the greatest bore in life."

"On the lookout for what!"

"For a wife. My governor has stopped supplies, and has vowed by his beard not to advance another shilling, or pay a debt, till I reform. As a preliminary step toward it, he insists upon a wife, and I am trying to choose one, for I am deeper in debt than you imagine."

"Take the new beauty, then."

"Who is she?"

"Lady Isabel Vane."

"Much obliged for the suggestion," replied the earl. "But one likes a respectable father-in-law, and Mount Severn is going to smash. He and I are too much in the same line, and might clash, in the long run."

"One can't have everything; the girl's beauty is beyond common. I saw that rake, Levison, make up to her. He fancies he can carry all before him, where women are concerned."

"So he does, often," was his quiet reply. "I hate the fellow! He thinks so much of himself, with his curled hair and his shining eyes, and his white teeth; and he's as heartless as an owl. What was that hushed-up business about Miss Charteris?"

"Who's to know? Levison slipped out of the escapade like an eel, and the women protested he was more sinned against than sinning. Three-fourths of the world believed them."

"And she went abroad and died; and Levison—here he comes! And Mount Severn's daughter with him."

They were approaching at that moment, Francis Levison and Lady Isabel. He was expressing his regret at the untoward accident of the cross for the tenth time that night.

"I feel that it can never be atoned for," whispered he; "that the heartfelt homage of my whole life would not be sufficient compensation."

He spoke in a tone of thrilling gentleness, gratifying to the ear but dangerous to the heart. Lady Isabel glanced up and caught his eyes gazing upon her with the deepest tenderness—a language hers had never yet encountered. A vivid blush again rose to her cheek, her eyelids fell, and her timid words died away in silence.

"Take care, take care, my young Lady Isabel," murmured the Oxonian under his breath, as they passed him, "that man is as false as he is high."

"I think he is a rascal," remarked the earl.

"I know he is; I know a thing or two about him. He would ruin her heart for the renown of the exploit, because she's a beauty, and then fling it away broken. He has none to give in return for the gift."

"Just as much as my new race-horse has," concluded the earl. "She is very beautiful."

## CHAPTER III.

### BARBARA HARE.

West Lynne was a town of some importance, particularly in its own eyes, though being neither a manufacturing one nor a cathedral one, nor even the chief town of the county, it was somewhat primitive in its manners and customs. Passing out at the town, toward the east, you came upon several gentlemen's houses, in the vicinity of which stood the church of St. Jude, which was more aristocratic (in the matter of its congregation) than the other churches of West Lynne. For about a mile these houses were scattered, the church being situated at their commencement, close to the busy part of the place, and about a mile further on you came upon the beautiful estate which was called East Lynne.

Between the gentlemen's houses mentioned and East Lynne, the mile of road was very solitary, being much overshadowed by trees. One house alone stood there, and that was about three-quarters of a mile before you came to East Lynne. It was on the left-hand side, a square, ugly, red brick house with a weather-cock on the top, standing some little distance from the road. A flat lawn extended before it, and close to the palings, which divided it from the road, was a grove of trees, some yards in depth. The lawn was divided by a narrow middle gravel path, to which you gained access from the road by a narrow iron gate, and which took you to the rustic portico of the house. You entered upon a large flagged hall with a reception-room on either hand, and the staircase, a wide one, facing you; by the side of the staircase you passed on to the servants' apartments and offices. This place was called the Grove, and was the property and residence of Richard Hare, Esq., commonly called Mr. Justice Hare.

The room to the left hand, as you went in, was the general sitting room; the other was very much kept boxed up in lavender and brown holland, to be opened on state occasions. Justice and Mrs. Hare had three children, a son and two daughters. Anne was the elder of the girls, and had married young; Barbara, the younger, was now nineteen, and Richard, the eldest—but we shall come to him hereafter.

In this sitting-room, on a chilly evening early in May, a few days subsequent to that which had witnessed the visit of Mr. Carlyle to the Earl of Mount Severn, sat Mrs. Hare, a pale, delicate woman, buried in shawls and cushions; but the day had been warm. At the window sat a pretty girl, very fair, with blue eyes, light hair, a bright complexion, and small aquiline features. She was listlessly turning over the leaves of a book.

"Barbara, I am sure it must be tea-time now."

"The time seems to move slowly with you, mamma. It is scarcely a quarter of an hour since I told you it was but ten minutes past six."

"I am so thirsty!" murmured the poor invalid. "Do go and look at the clock again, Barbara."

Barbara Hare rose with a gesture of impatience, not suppressed, opened the door, and glanced at the large clock in the hall. "It wants nine-and-twenty minutes to seven, mamma. I wish you would put your watch on, of a day; four times you have sent me to look at that clock since dinner."

"I am so thirsty!" repeated Mrs. Hare, with a sort of sob. "If seven o'clock would but strike! I am dying for my tea."

It may occur to the reader that a lady in her own house, "dying for her tea," might surely order it brought in, although the customary hour had not struck. Not so Mrs. Hare. Since her husband had first brought her home to that house, four-and-twenty years ago, she had never dared to express a will in it; scarcely, on her own responsibility, to give an order. Justice Hare was stern, imperative, obstinate, and self-conceited; she, timid, gentle and submissive. She had loved him with all her heart, and her life had been one long yielding of her will to his; in fact, she had no will; his was all in all. Far was she from feeling the servitude a yoke; some natures do not; and, to do Mr. Hare justice, his powerful will, that must bear down all before it, was in fault; not his kindness; he never meant to be unkind to his wife. Of his three children, Barbara alone had inherited this will.

"Barbara," began Mrs. Hare again, when she thought another quarter of an hour at least must have elapsed.

"Well, mamma?"

"Ring, and tell them to be getting it in readiness, so that when seven strikes there may be no delay."

"Goodness, mamma! you know they do always have it ready. And there's no such hurry, for papa may not be home." But she rose, and rang the bell with a petulant motion, and when the man answered it, told him to have tea in to its time.

"If you knew, dear, how dry my throat is, how parched my mouth, you would have more patience with me."

Barbara closed her book with a listless air, and turned listlessly to the window. She seemed tired, not with fatigue, but with what the French express by the word ennui. "Here comes papa," she presently said.

"Oh, I am so glad!" cried poor Mrs. Hare. "Perhaps he will not mind having the tea in at once, if I tell him how thirsty I am."

The justice came in. A middle-sized man, with pompous features, a pompous walk, and glazen wig. In his aquiline nose, compressed lips, and pointed chin, might be traced a resemblance to his daughter; though he never could have been half so good looking as was pretty Barbara.

"Richard," spoke up Mrs. Hare, from between her shawls, the instant he opened the door.

"Well?"

"Would you please let me have tea in now? Would you very much mind taking it a little earlier this evening? I am feverish again, and my tongue is so parched I don't know how to speak."

"Oh, it's near seven; you won't have long to wait."

With this exceedingly gracious answer to an invalid's request, Mr. Hare quitted the room again, and banged the door. He had not spoken unkindly or roughly, simply with indifference. But ere Mrs. Hare's meek sigh of disappointment was over, the door was re-opened, and the flaxen wig thrust in again.

"I don't mind if I do have it now. It will be a fine moonlight night, and I am going with Pinner as far as Beauchamp's to smoke a pipe. Order it in, Barbara."

The tea was made, and partaken of, and the justice departed for Mr. Beauchamp's, Squire Pinner calling for him at the gate. Mr. Beauchamp was a gentleman who farmed a great deal of land, and who was also Lord Mount Severn's agent, or steward for East Lynne. He lived higher up the road, some little distance beyond East Lynne.

"I am so cold, Barbara," shivered Mrs. Hare, as she watched the justice down the gravel path. "I wonder if your papa would say it was foolish of me, if I told them to light a bit of fire."

"Have it lighted if you like," responded Barbara, ringing the bell. "Papa will know nothing about it, one way or the other, for he won't be home till after bed-time. Jasper, mamma is cold, and would like a fire lighted."

"Plenty of sticks, Jasper, that it may burn up quickly," said Mrs. Hare, in a pleading voice, as if the sticks were Jasper's and not hers.

Mrs. Hare got her fire, and she drew her chair in front, and put her feet on the fender, to catch its warmth. Barbara, listless still, went into the hall, took a woollen shawl from the stand there, threw it over her shoulders, and went out. She strolled down the straight, formal path, and stood at the iron gate, looking over it into the public road. Not very public in that spot, and at that hour, but as lonely as one could wish. The night was calm and pleasant, though somewhat chilly for the beginning of May, and the moon was getting high in the sky.

"When will he come home?" she murmured, as she leaned her head upon the gate. "Oh, what would life be without him? How miserable these few days have been! I wonder what took him there! I wonder what is detaining him! Corney said he was only gone for a day."

The faint echo of footsteps in the distance stole upon her ear, and Babara drew a little back, and hid herself under shelter of the trees, not choosing to be seen by any stray passer-by. But, as they drew near, a sudden change came over her; her eyes lighted up, her cheeks were dyed with crimson, and her veins tingled with excess of rapture—for she knew those footsteps, and loved them, only too well.

Cautiously peeping over the gate again, she looked down the road. A tall form, whose very height and strength bore a grace of which its owner was unconscious, was advancing rapidly toward her from the direction of West Lynne. Again she shrank away; true love is ever timid; and whatever may have been Barbara Hare's other qualities, her love at least was true and deep. But, instead of the gate opening, with the firm, quick motion peculiar to the hand which guided it, the footsteps seemed to pass, and not to have turned at all toward it. Barbara's heart sank, and she stole to the gate again, and looked out with a yawning look.

Yes, sure enough, he was striding on, not thinking of her, not coming to her; and she, in the disappointment and impulse of the moment, called to him.

"Archibald!"

Mr. Carlyle—it was no other—turned on his heel and approached the gate.

"Is it you, Barbara! Watching for thieves and poachers? How are you?"

"How are you?" she returned, holding the gate open for him to enter, as he shook hands, and striving to calm down her agitation. "When did you return?"

"Only now, by the eight o'clock train, which got in beyond its time, having dawdled unpardonably at the stations. They little thought they had me in it, as their looks betrayed when I got out. I have not been home yet."

"No! What will Cornelia say?"

"I went into the office for five minutes. But I have a few words to say to Beauchamp, and am going up at once. Thank you, I cannot come in now; I intend to do so on my return."

"Papa has gone up to Mr. Beauchamp's."

"Mr. Hare! Has he?"

"He and Squire Pinner," continued Barbara. "They are gone to have a smoking bout. And if you wait there with papa, it will be too late to come in, for he is sure not to be home before eleven or twelve."

Mr. Carlyle bent his head in deliberation. "Then I think it is but little use of my going on," said he, for my business with Beauchamp is private. I must defer it until to-morrow."

He took the gate out of her hand, closed it, and placed the hand within his own arm, to walk with her to the house. It was done in a matter-of-fact, real sort of way; nothing of romance or sentiment hallowed it, but Barbara Hare felt that she was in Eden.

"And how have you all been, Barbara, these few days?"

"Oh, very well. What made you start off so suddenly? You never said you were going, or came to wish us good bye."

"You have just expressed it, Barbara—'suddenly.' A matter of business suddenly arose, and I suddenly went upon it."

"Cornelia said you were only gone for a day."

"Did she? When in London I find so many things to do. Is Mrs. Hare better?"

"Just the same. I think mamma's ailments are fancies, half of them; if she would but rouse herself, she would be better. What is in that parcel?"

"You are not to inquire, Miss Barbara. It does not concern you. It only concerns Mrs. Hare."

"It is something you have brought for mamma, Archibald!"

"Of course. A countryman's visit to London entails buying presents for his friends; at least, it used to be so, in the old-fashioned days."

"When people made their wills before starting, and were a fortnight doing the journey in a wagon," laughed Barbara. "Grandpapa used to tell us tales of that, when we were children. But is it really something for mamma?"

"Don't I tell you so? I have brought something for you."

"Oh! what is it?" she uttered, her color rising, and wondering whether he was in jest or earnest.

"There's an impatient girl! 'What is it?' Wait a moment, and you shall see what it is."

He put the parcel or roll, he was carrying, upon a garden-chair, and proceeded to search his pockets. Every pocket was visited, apparently in vain.

"Barbara, I think it is gone. I must have lost it somehow."

Her heart beat as she stood there silently, looking up at him in the moonlight? Was it lost? What had it been?

But upon a second search, he came upon something in the pocket of his coat tail. "Here it is, I believe; what brought it there?" He opened a small box, and taking out a long gold chain, threw it around her neck. A locket was attached to it.

Her cheeks' crimson went and came, her heart beat more rapidly. She could not speak a word of thanks; and Mr. Carlyle took up the roll, and walked on into the presence of Mrs. Hare.

Barbara followed in a few minutes. Her mother was standing up, watching with pleased expectation the movements of Mr. Carlyle. No candles were in the room, but it was bright with firelight.

"Now don't laugh at me," quoth he, untying the string of the parcel. "It is not a roll of velvet for a dress, and it is not a roll of parchment, conferring twenty thousand pounds a year. But it is—an air-cushion!"

It was what poor Mrs. Hare, so worn with sitting and lying, had often longed for. She had heard such a luxury was to be bought in London, but never remembered to have seen one. She took it almost with a greedy hand, casting a grateful look at Mr. Carlyle.

"How am I to thank you for it?" she murmured, through her tears.

"If you thank me at all, I will never bring you anything again," cried he, gayly. "I have been telling Barbara that a visit to London entails bringing gifts for friends," he continued. "Do you see how smart I have made her?"

Barbara hastily took off the chain, and laid it before her mother.

"What a beautiful chain!" muttered Mrs. Hare, in surprise. "Archibald, you are too good, too generous! This must have cost a great deal; this is beyond a trifle."

"Nonsense!" laughed Mr. Carlyle. "I'll tell you both how I happened to buy it. I went into a jeweller's about my watch, which has taken to losing time lately in a most unceremonious fashion, and there I saw a whole display of chains hanging up; some ponderous enough for a sheriff, some light and elegant enough for Barbara; I dislike to see a thick chain on a lady's neck. They put me in mind of the chain she lost the day she and Cornelia went with me to Lynchborough, which loss Barbara persisted in declaring was my fault, for dragging her through the town, sight-seeing, while Cornelia did her shopping—for it was then the chain was lost."

"But I was only joking when I said so," was the interruption of Barbara. "Of course it would have happened had you not been with me; the links were always snapping."

"Well, these chains in the shop in London put me in mind of Barbara's misfortune, and I chose one. Then the shopman brought forth some lockets, and enlarged upon their convenience for holding deceased relatives' hair, not to speak of sweethearts', until I told him he might attach one. I thought it might hold that piece of hair you prize, Barbara," he concluded, dropping his voice.

"What piece?" asked Mrs. Hare.

Mr. Carlyle glanced round the room, as if fearful the very walls might hear his whisper. "Richard's. Barbara showed it me one day when she was turning out her desk, and said it was a curl taken off in that illness."

Mrs. Hare sank back in her chair, and hid her face in her hands, shivering visibly. The words evidently awoke some poignant source of deep sorrow. "Oh, my boy! my boy!" she wailed—"my boy! my unhappy boy! Mr. Hare wonders at my ill health, Archibald; Barbara ridicules it; but there lies the source of all my misery, mentally and bodily. Oh, Richard! Richard!"

There was a distressing pause, for the topic admitted of neither hope nor consolation. "Put your chain on again, Barbara," Mr. Carlyle said, after a while, "and I wish you health to wear it out. Health and reformation, young lady!"

Barbara smiled, and glanced at him with her pretty blue eyes, so full of love. "What have you brought for Cornelia?" she resumed.

"Something splendid," he answered, with a mock serious face; "only I hope I have not been taken in. I bought her a shawl. The vendors vowed it was true Parisian cashmere. I gave eighteen guineas for it."

"That is a great deal," observed Mrs. Hare. "It ought to be a very good one. I never gave more than six guineas for a shawl in all my life."

"And Cornelia, I dare say, never more than half six," laughed Mr. Carlyle. "Well, I shall wish you good-evening, and go to her; for if she knows I am back all this while, I shall be lectured."

He shook hands with them both. Barbara, however, accompanied him to the front door, and stepped outside with him.

"You will catch cold, Barbara. You have left your shawl in-doors."

"Oh, no, I shall not. How very soon you are leaving; you have scarcely stayed ten minutes."

"But you forget I have not been home."

"You were on your road to Beauchamp's, and would not have been home for an hour or two in that case," spoke Barbara, in a tone that savored of resentment.

"That was different; that was upon business. But, Barbara, I think your mother looks unusually ill."

"You know how she suffers a little thing to upset her; and last night she had what she calls one of her dreams," answered Barbara. "She says it is a warning that something bad is going to happen, and she has been in the most unhappy, feverish state possible all day. Papa has been quite angry over her being so weak and nervous, declaring that she ought to rouse herself out of her 'nerves.' Of course we dare not tell him about the dream."

"It related to—the—"

Mr. Carlyle stopped, and Barbara glanced round with a shudder, and drew closer to him as she whispered. He had not given her his arm this time.

"Yes, to the murder. You know mamma has always declared that Bethel had something to do with it; she says her dreams would have convinced her of it, if nothing else did; and she dreamt she saw him with—with—you know."

"Hallijohn?" whispered Mr. Carlyle.

"With Hallijohn," assented Barbara, with a shiver. "He was standing over him, as he lay on the floor; just as he did lay on it. And that wretched Afy was standing at the end of the kitchen, looking on."

"But Mrs. Hare ought not to suffer dreams to disturb her peace by day," remonstrated Mr. Carlyle. "It is not to be surprised at that she dreams of the murder, because she is always dwelling upon it; but she should strive and throw the feeling from her with the night."

"You know what mamma is. Of course she ought to do so, but she does not. Papa wonders what makes her get up so ill and trembling of a morning; and mamma has to make all sorts of evasive excuses; for not a hint, as you are aware, must be breathed to him about the murder."

Mr. Carlyle gravely nodded.

"Mamma does so harp upon Bethel. And I know that this dream arose from nothing in the world but because she saw him pass the gate yesterday. Not that she thinks it was he who did it; unfortunately, there is no room for that; but she will persist that he had a hand in it in some way, and he haunts her dreams."

Mr. Carlyle walked on in silence; indeed there was no reply that he could make. A cloud had fallen upon the house of Mr. Hare, and it was an unhappy subject. Barbara continued:

"But for mamma to have taken it into her head that 'some evil is going to happen,' because she has had this dream, and to make herself miserable over it, is so very absurd, that I have felt quite cross with her all day. Such nonsense, you know, Archibald, to believe that dreams give signs of what is going to happen! so far behind these enlightened days."

"Your mamma's trouble is great, Barbara; and she is not strong."

"I think all our troubles have been great since—since that dark evening," responded Barbara.

"Have you heard from Anne?" inquired Mr. Carlyle, willing to change the subject.

"Yes, she is very well. What do you think they are going to name the baby? Anne; after her mamma. So very ugly a name! Anne!"

"I do not think so," said Mr. Carlyle. "It is simple and unpretending; I like it much. Look at the long, pretentious names of our family—Archibald! Cornelia! And yours, too—Barbara! What a mouthful they all are!"

Barbara contracted her eyebrows. It was equivalent to saying that he did not like her name.

They reached the gate, and Mr. Carlyle was about to pass out of it, when Barbara laid her hand on his arm to detain him, and spoke in a timid voice, "Archibald."

"What is it?"

"I have not said a word of thanks to you for this," she said, touching the chain and locket; "my tongue seemed tied. Do not deem me ungrateful."

"You foolish girl! it is not worth them. There! now I am paid. Good-night, Barbara."

He had bent down and kissed her cheek; swung through the gate, laughing, and strode away. "Don't say I never gave you anything,"—he turned his head round to say, "Good-night."

All her veins were tingling, all her pulses beating; her heart was throbbing with its sense of bliss. He had never kissed her, that she could remember, since she was a child. And when she returned in-doors, her spirits were so extravagantly high that Mrs. Hare wondered.

"Ring for the lamp, Barbara, and you can get to your work. But don't have the shutters closed; I like to look out, on these light nights."

Barbara, however, did not get to her work; she also, perhaps, liked "looking out, on a light night," for she sat down at the window. She was living the last half hour over again. "'Don't say I never gave you anything,'" she murmured; "did he allude to the chain, or to the—the kiss? Oh, Archibald! why don't you say that you love me?"

Mr. Carlyle had been all his life upon intimate terms with the Hare family. His father's first wife—for the late Lawyer Carlyle had been twice married—had been a cousin of Justice Hare's, and this had caused them to be much together. Archibald, the child of the second Mrs. Carlyle, had alternately teased and petted Anne and Barbara Hare, boy fashion. Sometimes he quarrelled with the pretty little girls, sometimes he caressed them, as he would have done had they been his sisters; and he made no scruple of declaring publicly to the pair that Anne was his favorite. A gentle, yielding girl she was, like her mother; whereas Barbara displayed her own will, and it sometimes clashed with young Carlyle's.

The clock struck ten. Mrs. Hare took her customary sup of brandy and water, a small tumbler three parts full. Without it, she believed she could never get to sleep; it deadened unhappy thought, she said. Barbara, after making it, had turned again to the window, but she did not resume her seat. She stood right in front of it, her forehead bent forward against its middle pane. The lamp, casting a bright light, was behind her, so that her figure might be distinctly observable from the lawn, had any one been there to look upon it.

She stood there in the midst of dream-land giving way to all its enchanting and most delusive fascinations. She saw herself, in anticipation, the wife of Mr. Carlyle, the envied, thrice envied of all West Lynne; for, like as he was the dearest on earth to her heart, so was he the greatest match in the neighborhood around. Not a mother but coveted him for her child; not a daughter but would have said "Yes, and thank you" to an offer from the attractive Archibald Carlyle. "I never was sure, quite sure, of it till to-night," murmured Barbara, caressing the locket, and holding it to her cheek; "I always thought he meant something, or he might mean nothing; but to give me this—to kiss me—oh, Archibald!"

A pause. Barbara's eyes were fixed upon the moonlight.

"If he would but say he loved me! if he would but ease the suspense of my aching heart! But it must come; I know it will; and if that cantankerous toad of a Corney—"

Barbara Hare stopped. What was that, at the far end of the lawn, just in advance of the shade of the thick trees? Their leaves were not causing the movement, for it was a still night. It had been there some minutes; it was evidently a human form. What was it? Surely it was making signs to her!

Or else it looked as though it was. That was certainly its arm moving, and now it advanced a pace nearer, and raised something which it wore on its head—a battered hat with a broad brim, a "wide-awake," encircled with a wisp of straw.

Barbara Hare's heart leaped, as the saying runs, into her mouth, and her face became deadly white in the moonlight. Her first thought was, to alarm the servants; her second, to be still; for she remembered the fear and mystery that attached to the house. She went into the hall, shutting her mamma in the parlor, and stood in the shade of the portico, gazing still. But the figure evidently followed her movements with its sight, and the hat was again taken off, and waved violently.

Barbara Hare turned sick with utter terror. She must fathom it; she must see who, and what it was; for, the servants she dared not call, and those movements were imperative, and might not be disregarded. But she possessed more innate courage than falls to the lot of some young ladies.

"Mamma," she said, returning to the parlor and catching up her shawl, while striving to speak without emotion, "I shall just walk down the path, and see if papa is coming."

Mrs. Hare did not reply. She was musing upon other things, in that quiescent, happy mood which a small portion of spirits will sometimes impart to one weak in body; and Barbara softly closed the door, and stole out again to the portico. She stood a moment to rally her courage, and again the hat was waved impatiently.

Barbara Hare commenced her walk toward it in dread unutterable, an undefined sense of evil filling her sinking heart; mingling with which came, with a rush of terror, a fear of that other undefinable evil—the evil Mrs. Hare had declared was foreboded by her dream.

*(To be continued in our next.)*

## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE LIFE OF EDWIN FORREST. With Reminiscences and Personal Recollections. By JAMES REES, (Colley Cibber.) With Portrait and Autograph. Published by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia. Perhaps no man in the country was as well fitted for this task as Mr. Rees. His acquaintance with Mr. Forrest dated from boyhood, and Mr. Rees had enjoyed for a period of nearly fifty years the closest intimacy and friendship with the great tragedian, which gave him advantages, not possessed by any others, to write a correct and truthful history of Mr. Forrest, from the time of his birth until his death.

THE CONSERVATION OF ENERGY. By BALFOUR STEWART, LL.D., F.R.S. With an Appendix, Treating of the Vital and Mental Applications of the Doctrine. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philadelphia.

THE NEW CHEMISTRY. By JOSIAH P. COOKE, Jr., Professor of Chemistry and Mineralogy in Harvard University. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philadelphia.

THE WETHERELL AFFAIR. A novel. By J. W. DE FORREST, Author of "Kate Beaumont," "Overland," etc. Published by Sheldon & Co., New York.

THE AMERICAN JOURNAL OF THE MEDICAL SCIENCES. Edited by ISAAC HAYS, M.D. January 1874. Published quarterly. Henry C. Lea, Philadelphia.

THE BRITISH QUARTERLY REVIEW. January. American edition. Published by the Leonard Scott Publishing Co., New York; and also for sale by W. B. Zieber, Philadelphia.

THE AMERICAN HISTORICAL RECORD for January. Edited by BENSON J. LOSSING, LL.D. Published by John E. Potter & Co., 617 Sansom street, Philada.

THE AMERICAN EXCHANGE AND REVIEW for February. Published by the Review Publishing Co., corner Walnut and Fourth streets, Philada.

THE GARDENER'S MONTHLY for February. Edited by THOMAS MEEHAN. Published by Charles H. Marot, 814 Chestnut St., Phila.

BRIGGS & BRO.'S ILLUSTRATED FLORAL WORK AND CATALOGUE for 1874. A beautifully illustrated publication. Briggs & Brother, Seedsmen and Florists, Rochester, New York.

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# THE DOOMED SHIP.

"Seen a deal of rough weather in my time, sir? Yes, that I have; what with being cast away twice, and burnt out off the Cape, I've had my share of it, sir. But there's worse than either storm or fire, ay, a deal worse."

"What's that?" I asked of my bronzed, weather-beaten friend, a boatman at a favorite bathing-place.

"Being speculated on, sir! That's the word for it. It's a long one; but it's the right word for all that; sold for money, as if we were sheep or oxen." Something moved the old man deeply as he uttered the last few words; his bony fist came down on the thwart of the boat as if it would smash the frail timbers.

"You may well look surprised, sir," added he, recovering his usual placid look; "I ain't myself when I talk of it. I feel a kind of murderous hatred of the villains when it all comes afore my mind. Maybe you'd like to hear the yarn, sir?"

"Very much indeed," I replied, my curiosity excited by the vehemence of the old tar.

Having turned his quid of tobacco over in his capacious mouth, he began as follows:—

"It's some years ago now since I was looking out for a ship up in the north; freights were very low, and shipping business dull, so that there was a number of hands about the port, and do what I might, I could not get a berth. My money was pretty nigh all gone, for I'd been ashore a month, and Jack and his money soon part, what with land-sharks of one sort and another, male and female—I don't know which is the worse of the two—anyhow, I must go to sea again, or sell my kit, and tramp off to London. Well, I was down upon my luck in this way, when one morning, as I was sauntering down to the docks, to have a look round the shipping, a man, who had been walking behind me for some little time, edged up alongside.

"'Looking out for a ship, my lad?' says he, in a bluff, hearty kind of way,

"'Yes, sir,' says I.

"'I thought you might be:' says he, casting a side-glance at me with his small gray eyes.

"'Yes, I am,' says I.

"'Well, I can put you in the way of a nice snug berth, my lad. I suppose you wouldn't object to a trip to South America?'

"It didn't much matter to me where I was bound, but somehow the fellow's figurehead didn't please me, so I answered rather short: 'If you mean the James Wilson, she's filled up.'

"'You're wrong, my lad; the vessel I am speaking of is at Cardiff; and if you'd like a berth in her, perhaps I could manage it. However, there's no harm done; you don't seem to care about it, so there's an end of it.' So saying, he wished me good-morning, and dropped astern.

"Well, thinks I to myself, if this chap meant mischief, he would not be so ready to sheer off; one place is as good as another to me, and maybe I'm losing a chance that won't come again in a hurry. So I turned round as he was crossing the road, and calls out to him, 'Hollo there, mister!'

"The man took no notice; so I ran after him till I came alongside.

"'Well, my lad,' says he sharply, 'what's in the wind?'

"'I was thinking about what you said just now; and if so be all's square—'

"'All square! What do you mean? Confound it, man, do you take me for a crimp?' says he.

"'No, sir,' says I, taken quite aback.

"'Well, then, what do you mean by all square? Come, out with it! I've no time to waste with you. There's plenty of hands up yonder that will jump at such an offer.'

"'Well, sir,' says I, recovering myself a bit. 'What's the name of the craft?'

"'The Maid of Orleans. But what does it matter to you? It ain't all square, you know!'

"So saying, he made as if he'd sheer off, and I wish I'd let him go! But I felt vexed with myself for having doubted the man; my money would not last much longer; I was tired of a shore-life, and what a fool I must be, I thought, to throw away such a berth as he had offered.

"'Come, sir,' says I, following him up, 'you needn't take offence at what I said. If you want a man, I'm willing.'

"He did not seem best pleased, though, for he stood hesitating a minute before he answered. However, at length he says: 'You'll have to go down by to-night's train. Perhaps your kit isn't ready?'

"'Never fear, sir; it doesn't matter to me whether I start to-night or wait a week.'

"'Well and good. Then you'd better be off, and get your kit in order, and I'll meet you at the station at six o'clock. Mind you're there sharp!'

"'Never fear, sir,' says I; and so we parted.

"Well, sir, somehow or other, though the fellow was civil enough, I didn't feel altogether easy in my mind; but there was nothing left for it now but to go through with it; so I packed up my kit, bought a few odds and ends, and, toward dusk, made my way down to the station. There was an hour to spare before the train started; so I crossed the road to a public house, to have a glass of grog, and sat myself down in a snug corner, whilst I sipped my rum and water. The room was partitioned off with bulkheads, and there was not a soul there when I entered. By and by two men came in, and sat themselves down in the next partition to mine, and I heard them talking together for some time without taking any particular notice. Presently, I thought I heard the name of the craft I'd shipped in, Maid of Orleans, and I pricked up my ears, you may be sure. I'd kept so quiet, that the fellows, I suppose, fancied they had the room to themselves.

"'Bless your soul, man,' says one of them, 'it's a safe venture; never fear. Eight thousand pounds; that's the amount!'

"'You're a smart fellow, and no mistake. Poor beggars!'

"'Hold your tongue! I hate such cant. Who goes halves, eh? Tell me that?'

"'Well, don't fire up so, man; surely there's no harm in pitying them, if we are obliged to give them a dose of salt water. Ha, ha!'

"'That's talking like a man of sense. Eight thousand pounds clear profit! I tell you, Harry, it's as safe as the Bank of England. She'll never do it!'

"'Light airs and calms, you know, Johnny, eh! How about our venture, then?'

"'Confound it, man, you're a regular kill-joy. A capful of wind is more than enough! She's like a sieve; once out to sea, she'll sop up water like a sponge.'

"'Suppose they take to the boats; what then?'

"'Well, what if they do? They weren't built yesterday. The old Reindeer's children are as old as herself, ay, and as rotten!'

"He laughed a low mocking laugh, as he spoke, that sent a chill through my very marrow. I had heard of ships being sent to sea to be lost; but hitherto it had been my good luck to sail in first-class craft, and I used to put down such tales as forecastle yarns, invented by Jack out of spite to his owners. I was off the scent, however, and must have been mistaken in my fancy that I had heard them mention the Maid of Orleans, though I had some dim notion that I ought to collar the two ruffians and call the police; but then, perhaps, I had not understood the nature of the business, though it seemed plain enough too; and whilst I was debating in my mind how to act, the fellows got up, and walked out of the place. I started up, so as to get a look at them; but it was too dark to make them out; so I went back to finish my grog, and to turn over in my mind what I'd heard. One thing was clear enough, and that was, that the doomed ship was the Reindeer; and a thought struck me that I might get something about her out of the Shipping Gazette. There she was, sure enough; a large clipper ship, advertised to sail in a week's time, class A1 at Lloyd's, owners Huidley & Company. I'm rather out of my reckoning here, says I to myself. That's a firm that never sent an unseaworthy ship to sea, and never will. Maybe, after all, those fellows were making game of me, saw poor Jack sitting there, and took a rise out of him. The clock struck the quarter, so I paid my score, and made all sail for the station. The man was there, looking so cheery and jolly that I scarcely knew him again.

"'I was afraid you were going to give me the slip, my hearty,' says he, laughing. 'Here's your ticket. I'm sorry I can't go with you; but I've telegraphed for some one to meet you at the station, so you'll be well looked after!'

"I liked his jokes less than his sneers, so I didn't say anything, but bundled into the train.

"'Good-bye, my hearty,' says he, shaking me by the hand. 'A pleasant voyage, and a quick return!'

"If ever I took a dislike against anyone, I did then. The man's face haunted me long after the train had left the station; but being given to brooding, and having no cause to doubt his good faith, I got rid of his evil eyes, and lay back dreaming of a certain brown-eyed Polly who had promised to wait for poor Jack Robins till something turned up.

"Arrived at Cardiff, I found the mate on the lookout for me; and after signing articles, we went aboard the Maid of Orleans. The vessel was lying in the harbor with the blue-peter flying, and everything ready for sea. She was a long, low craft, deep in the water—rather too deep, to please my fancy—fresh painted, and looking fine enough; masts and spars a trifle heavy; but, on the whole, I could find nothing particular to find fault with about her. As we pulled alongside, I noticed a woman on the poop. Hearing the sound of oars, she looked over the side, and I thought I'd never seen a sweeter face in my life.

"'Old man got his wife aboard?' says I to the mate.

"'Yes, and she's a regular good un!' says he. 'You'll find yourself as comfortable aboard as if you was passenger in a liner.'

"The skipper was coming up from the cuddy as we got on deck—a fine sailor-like young fellow, about thirty years of age, with an affable, pleasant way with him, that took my fancy.

"'I hope you'll be comfortable aboard, my man,' says he: 'live and let live, that's my motto. You do your duty by me, and never fear but that I'll do mine by you.'

"'All right, sir,' says I, touching my cap; and then I went forward and made acquaintance with my shipmates. Well, sir, to make a long story short, we got under-weigh that afternoon, and stood out to sea, working down channel with a light south-west breeze. The crew consisted of the captain, chief and second mates, boatswain, and fourteen men and a boy; captain's wife, cook, and steward: twenty-two all told; and things went on smoothly enough for some days after we sailed. My messmates told me that this was the skipper's first voyage as master, and that he had been married about three weeks; and a happier couple there couldn't be anywhere. The young girl—for she was but a child after all—used to come on deck of a morning often when I was at the wheel; and she had always a kind word and a smile, that lighted up her pretty face, for the hands. She was as full of fun and frolic as a kitten, it being, I suppose, such a new kind of life to her; always joking and teasing the skipper, and plaguing him out of his life, what with saying she must try and be a sailor, and learn to knot, and splice, and steer, and handling the marline-spike and a bit of rope, daubing her pretty fingers with tar, running to the taffrail to look at the fish, or hoisting signals to passing vessels, using the wrong flags, laughing merrily when the old man would try and be dignified. But 'twas no manner of use; her saucy laugh, rippling out like the little waves breaking against the ship's side, would change his frown into a smile in spite of himself; and often he'd cast a sheep's-eye at me, as much as to say, 'You see, Robins! What can a fellow do with a craft like this in tow!'

"Sometimes she'd declare she must learn to steer, and come and put her little white hands on the spokes of the wheel, making-believe that she was watching the compass in the binnacle, whilst I was afraid of crushing her tiny fingers with my great knotty fists; and so the ship would come up in the wind, setting all the sails a-shaking, and then she'd clap her hands together, and call Harry, that was her husband, to see the mischief she'd done, her blue eyes kindling with delight, and her long golden hair floating over her shoulders like a mermaid's. I believe I was a bit of a favorite with her, as I always took care to keep myself clean and tidy, and to have a civil tongue in my head. There was something so innocent and winning about the girl, too, always ready to do a good turn, or to put in a kind word for any one, that we got to look upon her as a sort of angel or fairy. Anyhow, this much I'll say—I've sailed in scores of ships in my time, but I never heard less swearing on board any ship before or since than aboard of the Maid of Orleans. Well, sir, we'd been out about three weeks, the weather fine, with light breezes; and though we pumped rather more water out of the ship than we liked to see, there was nothing particular to growl about. I was so comfortable, and things went on so smoothly, that I'd well nigh forgotten all about the talk I'd overheard at the public house, when one evening it all came back upon me on a sudden. For the last few hours the clouds had been gathering heavy from the north'ard; the wind shifted and jibed round; the skipper looked anxious, and I heard him tell the mate that the barometer was falling, and that we should have dirty weather before night. The watch were employed in odd jobs about the decks; and being in want of a coil of spun yarn, the boatswain sent me down into the store-room to fetch it. The place was pitch dark, so I was obliged to take a lantern with me; and after groping about for some time, I found what I was in search of, close to the foremost, that ran through the store-room. I was picking it up, when the light of the lantern fell upon some letters roughly cut into the mast, as if some idle young scamp had amused himself by carving his name with his jack-knife. Thinks I to myself, let's see what mark the fellow has left. I raised the lantern, and as I made out the letters, a shiver ran through my very bones. There, as sure as death itself, was the word Reindeer cut out clear and distinct upon the timber! You could have knocked me down with a feather; my knees trembled under me; a sort of dumbness came over my mind as I read again and again, scarce knowing what I did, that fatal word. The horrible talk I had overheard in the public-house seemed dinned into my ears, mingled with the hoarse rush of the mocking waters, that seethed and foamed round the ship, as if reminding me that they were only biding their time to swallow us up in a living tomb. As I sat, dazed and frightened—it was the wickedness that frightened me, more than all the rest—on a coil of hawser, with a sort of horror in my heart, I heard the boatswain's voice shouting for the hands to shorten sail, and I sprang up the ladder to the deck. There was no time to be lost; a squall had struck us, the topsail halyards had been let go by the run, the sails were flapping about like thunder, and all hands shortening sail for dear life.

"We soon got the ship under double-reefed top-sails, with a stiff gale blowing, the sky black and ugly, and the sea getting up, promising tough work before the night was out; but if it hadn't been for what I'd seen below, the gale might have blowed itself blue in the face without my troubling myself about it. Well, as the dog-watch from six to eight was well-nigh over, I thought I wouldn't say anything to the skipper afore morning; but somehow my mind couldn't rest easy; it was no use frightening my shipmates, so, after a deal of tacking about in my mind, I determined to make a clean breast of it; for, thinks I, if he knows anything, there's no harm done, and if he doesn't, he'll be warned in time. Well, sir, I hung about the quarter deck, waiting till the skipper came below, and then I sent the steward in to say I wanted to speak a word with him.

"'Well, my man,' says he, 'what do you want?'

"'Excuse me, sir,' I says, 'but I've got a queer yarn to tell you.' So I up and told him from beginning to end. As I finished, his face was ghastly pale; his eyes wandered to the door of the cabin, where his beautiful young wife was lying, and his hands were clenched convulsively together. He didn't utter a sound, but seemed as if he was awaking out of a dream, putting things together bit by bit, till it was all clear to him as the noon-day sun. Presently, he lifted up his eyes, and clasped his hands, saying, 'Oh, God, help my poor wife!' and though he was a strong, hearty young fellow, there was a tear trickling down his cheek as if he'd been a woman. I don't think he was conscious of my presence just then; the shock had dazed him like; he knew better than I thought how he'd been caught in a trap; how he'd been betrayed by a villain, a false, black-hearted villain; and the hopelessness of escape paralyzed him. For my part, I'd expected nothing of this kind; I was not behind the scenes so much as he; so, though I'd felt it my duty to make a report, yet I hoped the skipper would only laugh at me, and call me a fool for my pains. Leastways, I said to myself, most likely, after all, he'll be able to explain the affair, and set my mind easy. When I saw him like this, my heart failed me. I had a poor girl, too, that was as precious to me as his wife to him. So I says, 'I suppose there's no doubt, sir, of this ship being the old Reindeer?'

"He looked up at me with such a face of horror and despair as I hope never to see again on mortal man. It moved me so, rough fellow though I was, and not much given to feeling, that I could have cried like a child. It was his wife, his bride, the cheery, loving, laughing girl yonder, that was tearing his heart, to think he had dragged her to a floating tomb, and become a murderer, like, of the creature he'd have died for.

"'It is true, Robins! Heaven have mercy upon us! My wife! my poor wife!'

"Just then the door of the cabin opened, and the beautiful face of his wife, with a bonny smile lighting on it up, peeped into the cuddy (I think she had rather gloried in the noise and confusion of the squall), thinking her husband was alone, no doubt, for her hair was falling loosely over her shoulders, and she was partly undressed.

"'Harry, dear,' she says, in a cheerful voice, for his back was toward her, and I was standing well back in the shade, 'when are you coming?'

"Her voice seemed to electrify the skipper; his face became livid with passion; but he answered, quietly enough, 'I am engaged for a few minutes, Lillie; I will be with you presently.'

"When she was gone, the skipper turned upon me almost fiercely.

"'I am betrayed, Robins, ruined, ay, murdered! But woe to the man who has done it! The vengeance of Heaven will light upon him, and blight him and his! Don't mention this affair to a soul; it can do no good. Poor fellows, it is no fault of mine. It will only unman them, and we must do what we can to save ourselves, in spite of these villains. Then let them look out!' There was a gleam in his eye as he said this that meant mischief, though he was as quiet and good-natured a man as ever I sailed with. 'Send the carpenter to me, and not a word, on your life.'

"I left the cuddy with a dark fear in my heart that I had never known before; our doom was sealed, sure enough, thought I; a mere question of time; a few hours more, perhaps, and these fiends would clutch the blood-money. There was murder, I'm afeard, in more than one heart that night on board of the Maid of Orleans. 'Man the pumps!' was the first cry I heard when I got on deck, and I shuddered from head to foot.

"'There's a deal of water in her,' the boatswain muttered as I passed him on my way to deliver the message to the carpenter.

"It was my middle watch, that is, from twelve to four, so I turned into my bunk pretty well knocked up with the work of the day, but for the life of me I couldn't get a wink of sleep. The skipper haunted me with his wild, despairing face, and seemed to reproach me with not having spoken before; and then the soft, loving eyes of his wife pleading for mercy, poor young thing, ay, there they were, once so bright and merry, pleading with the villains who had betrayed her husband, and sent them both to sea in a living tomb! Then I thought of Polly, and wondered what she was doing, and whether she was saying a prayer for poor Jack Robins. I dozed off at last, but was soon roused by a man coming into the forecastle and grumbling to a chum of his.

"'They say she's sprung a leak, Jim. It'll be all hands in a few minutes.'

"'How's the wind?' growled the other, an old sea-dog that had weathered a hundred storms.

"'Freshening fast. The old man's been on deck all the watch.'

"Then the man, having lighted his pipe, sneaked out again, whilst old Jones turned over, to make the best use of his time.

"Eight bells struck at last, and as it was my time at the wheel, I turned out smart. The vessel was labouring heavily in an ugly sea, under close-reefed topsails, and the wind whistled through the rigging like the hiss of an angry fiend. The dull jerking sound of the pumps, at which four of the watch were working, told its own tale; and as I reached the poop, the carpenter came up from below with a face as white as a ghost. He went aft to the skipper, and I guessed pretty well what sort of a report he had to make.

"The ship, too deeply laden, was straining and groaning in the waters like a wearied horse, each wave that broke against her sending a quiver through her frame, opening up the weak spots in her hull, that let the ornel water in at each fresh blow. It was an awful feeling that stole over me just then. If she had sprung a leak in the ordinary course of things, I should have taken as a mishap all she might meet with, and been the first to cheer up, and run the risk of life with a light heart; but to know for certain that we were doomed beforehand, that we were the victims of a plot, our lives sacrificed for profit, our blood held of no account by a set of inhuman monsters—this cut to my very soul, raising a storm of savage wrath within me such as I never felt before or since.

"'Pump, poor wretches!' I exclaimed to myself; 'ay, pump your arms off; but it's no use! a steam-engine couldn't save us!'

"'A sail on the lee-bow.'

"The voice came like an angel's through the roar of the elements. The boy, a smart, chubby-faced lad, who was a general favorite on board, poor fellow! had been sent aloft to secure the topgallant-sail, that was blowing itself loose from the gaskets, and his cry sent a thrill of hope through my heart.

"'Ay, ay!' shouted the skipper; 'weather main brace. Keep her away a couple of points, Robins.'

"There was a terrible excitement in the skipper's eye as he spoke to me, and a hard ring in his voice, that told its own tale.

"'Jump aloft there, Mr. Short, and see what you can make of her!' says he to the mate; then turning again to me, he added: 'It's our only chance, Robins; the carpenter reports four feet of water in her. Thank Heaven for this mercy!'

"'A large vessel under double-reefed topsails, close-hauled,' reported the mate, as he came down from aloft, for the clouds had broken away from the moon just then, and the wind slackened a bit.

"'Get the rockets up, Mr. Short, and the blue-lights ready.'

"'Ay, ay, sir!' replied Short, as good a seaman as ever trod a plank.

"Meantime, with the yards squared, and a reef shaken out of the topsails, the Maid was rushing over the waters, as if anxious to give her doomed crew a chance of rescue, before the greedy ocean should swallow her in its huge maw; whilst, as she rose on the crests of the waves, I could distinguish the dim outline of the strange ship about two points on the lee-bow. What a time that was! The watch laboring at the pumps, a sort of hush on the rest of the crew, who had remained on deck, as if aware that the doomed ship was running a race with time for dear life; the skipper with one hand on the taffrail, and a speaking-trumpet in the other, casting fearful glances over the side, as if measuring each dip of the unhappy vessel into the waters; and below, sleeping calmly, as if pillowed on her mother's breast, his beautiful wife, all unconscious that grim death was within a few feet of her innocent heart!"

"You grow eloquent, old man," I said, as the old sailor paused for a few moments as he thoughtfully refilled his pipe.

"Ay, sir; it gives a man a tongue, when he's got such a yarn as this; I can see it all now as I sit here."

He remained reflectively puffing his tobacco for some minutes, then resumed his narrative.

"Well, as I was a-saying, sir, it was a time of terrible suspense. Presently the carpenter crept up the poop-ladder again, and made a report to the skipper, and I heard him utter an exclamation of horror. Five feet of water in the hold!

"The moon was again hidden by black clouds; the gale blew with increased fury; the waves threw their foam high over the decks, as the ship broached to, yawning in the huge valley of waters that inclosed her in on every side; whilst afar burnt the light of the strange vessel upon which we were bearing down, more brightly in my eyes than ever did beacon.

"'Fire a rocket,' said the skipper; 'we will try them with that; maybe they'll heave to.'

"In a few seconds the meteor flashed up into the thick darkness, a dazzling cry for help.

"Even the men at the pumps rested for a moment to watch the effect of that messenger for rescue. We were now within half a knot of the stranger, who was hugging the wind, steering to the north'ard.

"'Great Heaven!' I heard the skipper cry after the lapse of a few minutes, during which there was no reply, 'are they all asleep?'

"Another rocket was sent up, followed at intervals of a few minutes by others; but still the stranger held on her course, as if no doomed ship was imploring succor, no drowning wretches crying out for help!

"'Burn a blue-light!' cried the skipper; and the burning mass lit up the deck, the spars, the rigging, the sails, the haggard faces of the crew, the terrible calm face of the skipper, and the terrified wondering face of the skipper's wife, who had come up from below, and was clinging to the companion ladder with a childlike astonishment, gazing round on the awsome scene.

"'Steer right for her!' shouted the skipper to me; then catching sight of his wife, he rushed to her side, and seizing her arm, led her on deck.

"Another blue-light lit up the dismal night, and then one or two muskets were fired, for our only gun was stowed away below, and there was no time to get it on deck.

"'Stand by the braces!' shouted the skipper, for the strange craft was now within a few cables' length.

"'Get ready the cutter, Mr. Short.' He had recovered his self-possession, which at the sight of his poor wife seemed for a moment to have deserted him, and issued his orders in a calm, clear voice, that gave fresh courage to the now frightened crew.

"It was an awful moment that! The ship was settling down; I felt certain of it, as she refused to answer her helm, but rose and sank lazily in the swelling waters, as if her strength was spent.

"'Helm up!" cried the skipper, rushing aft. 'Run close under her stern!'

"Vain effort! In vain I brought the tiller hard over; she refused to answer her helm.

"'She's sinking, sir,' I cried, as the frantic skipper pushed me aside, and grasped the wheel. 'It's too late!' He sprang forward like one possessed.

"'Man the boat, men! Quick, for your lives!'

"'Ay, sir.' There, almost within hail, was the stranger, standing steadily on, her great black hull visible to every eye as she rose and sank in the waters like an automaton, her white sails gleaming against the dark sky, her light burning brightly at the mast-head—a ship manned by fiends! A superstitious dread crept over me as I watched her; perhaps the ghost of a doomed ship luring us on to hope, and mocking us as we in agony shrieked aloud for help!

"Even amid that horrible scene of danger and suspense, with death staring them in the face, the men waited patiently till the skipper's wife was placed securely in the boat; her white livid face touching the heart of the roughest amongst us, as we lifted her gently in as if she'd been our own flesh and blood, and wrapped around her all we could lay hands on, to make her comfortable; whilst nearer and nearer to the water's edge sank the doomed vessel, no longer rising to the heavy billows, but yielding, as if impotent, in the clutches of some sea monster, dragging her down a thousand fathoms deep.

"The skipper was the last man to leave the ship, bearing in his arms a favorite little dog of his wife's, and as he sprang in he shouted: 'Give way for your lives, men!'

"Not a moment too soon, or we should have been swallowed up in the vortex of the sinking craft. I cast one glance round as we pulled away; the vessel reared herself up, as if for a final struggle, her sails flapping against the masts, as if affrighted; then she plunged down into the mighty deep.

"Well, sir, there we were adrift on the wide waste of waters, a strong gale blowing, a dark night, and a leaky boat. The words of our murderers came up clear and sharp in my ears as I lay crouched up close to the skipper and his wife, she clinging to him, and resting her golden hair on his breast. The children are no better than the mother; and, sure enough, already two of the hands were baling out the water that oozed in through the rotten sides of the cutter. Not a word had any one spoken since the foundering of the ship; a sort of horror had settled on all of us; for even the poor boy, a little wee chap on his first voyage, could see that 'twas no use trying to reach the strange craft, whose light now and again shone over the waters like a will o'-the-wisp, growing more and more dim as she crept on her course, leaving a boatload of Christian souls to perish almost within hail, without an effort to save them! The silence was broken on a sudden by a voice that sent a thrill through our very souls: 'Harry, Harry! save me! Take me home, Harry, dear! Oh, mother, mother! why don't you come?'

"Poor young thing! I suppose she was dazed with the awful suddenness of the thing; anyhow, I felt a kind of choking in my throat as I heard her pitiful cry.

"'Hush, dear!' said the skipper, softly, but his voice was husky and thick. 'We shall soon be safe! Be quiet, darling, for Harry's sake!'

"His voice seemed to soothe her, for she remained silent for a few minutes, then she sprang up and looked around. 'Harry, Harry! where are we? Am I dreaming? Harry, quick; the water! Oh, take poor Lillie home!'

"Then she sank down again, and I could hear her sobbing like a child. I've been wrecked twice, and burnt out in the old Roslyn Castle, but I never saw such a crew as that same crew of the Maid of Orleans. Not a groan, not a whisper against the skipper; but each man seemed to make himself, as you may say, the guardian of that frail girl yonder, crying for her mother and her home."

The old man stopped, and leaned his grizzled head on his great bony hand, as if overcome by the memory of that dreadful scene. Presently, as if ashamed of his emotion, he looked up, saying: "You must excuse an old salt, sir; but when I think of her bonny face, I'm regular thrown on my beam-ends, like. Well, sir, presently a kind of fearful whisper ran through us, 'She's sinking!' It reached the ear of the skipper's wife as she nestled in his arms.

"'Harry, Harry! Do you hear? Save me! Oh, I can't die! Harry, darling, do save poor little Lillie!'

"'I would give my life for you, Lillie! I shall die with you,' I heard him say.

"'Oh, Harry, my feet are so wet, so cold! Tell me I'm dreaming, Harry! Oh, no! But will you die with poor Lillie? Kiss me, dearest!'

"Those were the last words I heard; a shout of despair broke at length from the poor fellows as the boat settled down in the waters—a shout that rings in my ears as I tell of it; and the next moment we were striking out for dear life in the great ocean. The boat had drawn me down with her; and when I rose to the surface, my hand touched something hard, which I clutched with the gripe of death. I didn't hear a cry; I was alone, as far as I could judge, and you may be sure I clung fast to that bit of timber; for though I was a first-rate swimmer, I knew I must keep afloat, God willing, by the help of that oar! How I passed the next hour before daylight broke, I can't well describe. My mind wandered, I fancy, a bit, for old scenes and old familiar faces were pictured like before me. One time I was in the old house at home, listening to my mother as she read a chapter out of the Bible, and I could hear every word she said clear and distinct, just as she'd sat there afore I went on my first voyage. Then I was standing with Polly hand in hand with the bit of ring we'd broken in halves, pledging our troth down yonder under the oak tree at the farm. Then, again, I could see the skipper's wife with her golden hair streaming over the waters, cold and dead, but her face somehow like an angel's, for all it was so white and still; and all the while I was conscious that if I let go my hold of the oar that the great waves tried to dash from my grasp, it was all over with Jack Robins.

"Well, sir, daylight broke at last; the sea had gone down a bit, and I strained my eyes in search of a friendly sail. Sure enough, bearing right down upon me was a small craft. I ain't a man, I'm sorry to say, much given to prayer, but at that moment I lifted my heart to Heaven to send that ship to me! On she came like a sea-bird bounding over the waves, every stitch of canvas spread to the breeze, for the storm was over, and only a heavy swell remained as a witness of the evil work it had done. Once she yawed to starboard. What an awful moment that was; if she altered her course, I was lost! I could not shout, in my terror. But no; it was only the blundering fellow at the helm; and again she bore down as if she would cut me in two. She was within two cables' length, and I raised my voice, and shouted like mad. A fellow in a red cap ran forward, and looked over the bows. Again I hallooed; he saw me, and waved his hand. I was saved! What a prayer of gratitude I uttered from my very soul! On she came, as if the vessel herself longed to snatch poor Jack from a watery grave, till, running close down upon me, she hove to, and lowered a boat.

"Well sir, the rest of my yarn is soon told. The vessel was a Spaniard, bound to Chili; and I was glad enough to lend a hand to the crew in exchange for a passage out. Well, sir, you may be sure I was anxious to get back to England, to expose the villains who, for the sake of the insurance money of eight thousand pounds, had doomed us all to go to the bottom, and who of course had got the cash. It would have been right for me to get them punished; but a good offer was made to me in a ship bound to Australia; so I thought I'd bide my time, for I couldn't afford to throw away a chance like that. When we reached Melbourne, the gold fever was raging, and I made my way off to the diggings; and it was full six years afore I stepped ashore in the old country once more. I told my story to several influential gentlemen; but, bless you, sir, they only shook their heads, and said it was a long time ago, that I'd no proofs to bring, and advised me to let the matter drop. But it's been on my mind this many a year; and now I hear there's a friend of poor Jack as has taken up his cause; and if you'd like to tell him this yarn of poor Jack Robins, why, you're welcome, sir."

☞ A Mr. Damn runs a large stove store up at the Eagle Harbor, and the Marquette Journal says: "He must have an extensive trade, for we have heard his name mentioned in connection with all the stoves and stovepipe we ever put together, here or elsewhere."

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MEIGSVILLE, Morgan Co., O., March 24, 1872.

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When I was 12 or 13 years of age I took what is called King's Evil, and by constant doctoring it would heal in one place and break out in another. It also broke out in my left ear. I first found your name in the *Christian Advocate*, and sent 10 miles for the first bottle, which did me more good than all other medicines I ever used. I am 28 years old and doctored with five doctors, and not one of them helped me so much as your bottle of Discovery. I have got well and able to do a good day's work.

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THE
# SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, FEB. 28, 1874.

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## TO NEWSPAPER PUBLISHERS.

We call attention to the advertisement of a double-cylinder Press. It is a very good press for regular work, being the one upon which this paper was printed until a few years back. We should have continued to use it, only the necessity of very careful work on our large engravings, rendered the single cylinder preferable. For a paper that does not use large engravings, and has a tolerably large circulation, a double-cylinder is the best that can be used.

## EAST LYNNE;

OR,

## THE ELOPEMENT.

As we have had numerous demands from our readers for a serial by Mrs. Henry Wood, we have concluded to re-publish her famous story of

EAST LYNNE; OR, THE ELOPEMENT.

This is considered, generally, the finest production of its distinguished author. It is the book which made her famous. The play founded on it has been acted repeatedly in all the large cities of the Union. And those who have seen it acted, naturally will feel a curiosity to see the whole thrilling and exciting story. We begin it this week on our first page. Do not neglect to read it.

## FREE DISCUSSION.

MR. EDITOR OF THE POST.—Would it not conduce a good deal to the interest of your paper, if you would allow free discussion in a few of its columns relative to almost any subjects except religious ones. On these, I suppose it is wisest to allow no disputation.

But now here is the subject of Local Option, a Prohibitory Liquor law, &c. A good many of us, who are temperate men, do not see the wisdom of such laws. Why not allow that subject, for instance, to be discussed by some intelligent person on each side, giving each a column or so weekly—and only demanding of the disputants to restrain themselves within the bounds of gentlemanly decorum.

I think for my part, that such discussions would prove of general interest. I suppose the Temperance organization would furnish a writer in favor of Prohibition, and I think I could find one, if necessary, to take the opposite side of the question. What say you? A Temperance man, but

NO FANATIC.

In answer to the above, we would say, that while THE POST itself cannot take side in any controversy, we cannot see the least objection to allowing a temperate and impartial discussion of the Temperance question in its columns. Religious questions we should not like to have touched, even by our correspondents—but, apart from such, we are willing to try the experiment of a free platform on any question where both sides can be made certain of a hearing. If the experiment does not work well, we reserve to ourselves the privilege of "upsetting the whole platform," as the politicians say.

We shall therefore look around among our temperance friends, and get the ablest man we can to lead off with an article in favor of prohibition—to be not over one column in length. And then "No Fanatic" shall be allowed to answer, either in person or through some gentleman whom he shall select.

We think that such a discussion will prove not only interesting but instructive to our readers. And that it will tend to promote the cause of Truth in the earth.

### Kettle Drums.

Fashionable life in New York has recently experienced a new innovation in the establishment of a novel species of entertainment known as "kettle drums," of which great things are confidently predicted. Nice young men with nothing to do are invited to a species of entertainment something like a high tea, where ladies are in the preponderance, where the rigidity of full evening dress is not required, where the proceedings are easy and informal, servants only being admitted with trays of refreshments and then excluded, the hostess herself pouring tea or chocolate for her guests, and where society plans are discussed, suggestions made, and people decapitated without mercy. It is only just to say that very few suggestions come from the few men who plume themselves not a little on being admitted to these feminine councils. A lady volunteers the use of her house, which she is expected to decorate with evergreens in profusion—holly, mistletoe, cedar, pine and the like, and also provide tea. The rest of the eatables the gentlemen contribute. One sends a hamper of ready-cooked game, another fruit, another cakes and biscuits, another the creams and ices, and so on until the collection is complete. Wine is not favored. Instead, "Russian" tea is the vogue, simply pekoe, choice bohea, or mandarin tea, with thin slices of lemon floating in it, instead of milk. As much of the house as possible is thrown open, halls are festooned with green, tubs and pots containing plants from the conservatory, or hired from a neighboring green-house are placed here and there, and the table is spread picnic fashion by the company themselves, who also restore the dishes to the baskets, and wind up with a dance.

## MRS. SOMERVILLE.

This lady is often quoted as an instance of great capacity in woman. The reader of her memoirs, edited by her daughter, is impressed with the variety of her accomplishments, embracing in their range all the ordinary womanly excellencies of wife, mother and housekeeper. Only the most economic use and methodical apportionment of time could enable even her clear brain and sound physique to get so much work into her span of days. Whatever she had to do was done with energy and thoroughness, bringing to each subject, as it arose, her Scotch persistence and enthusiasm for learning. She was equally at home in the study and in the nursery, could talk of stars and strata with astronomers and geologists, and yet took thorough care of her children. Her daughter says:

"It would be almost incredible were I to describe how much my mother contrived to do in the course of the day. When my sister and I were small children, although busily engaged in writing for the press, she used to teach us for three hours every morning, besides managing her house carefully, reading the newspapers, (for she always was a keen, and, I must add, a liberal politician,) and the most important new books on all subjects, grave and gay. In addition to all this, she freely visited and received her friends. She was, indeed, very fond of society, and did not look for transcendent talent in those with whom she associated, although no one appreciated it more when she found it. Gay and cheerful company was a pleasant relaxation after a hard day's work. My mother never introduced scientific or learned subjects into general conversation. When they were brought forward by others, she talked simply and naturally about them, without the slightest pretension to superior knowledge. Finally, to complete the list of her accomplishments, I must add that she was a remarkably neat and skilful needle-woman. We still possess some elaborate specimens of her embroidery and lace-work."

The mathematical attainments for which Mrs. Somerville was famous were not reached until after she was a widow. The time when her studies in this direction began to make important progress is thus alluded to:

"I was much out of health after my husband's death, and chiefly occupied with my children, especially with the one I was nursing; but as I did not go into society, I rose early, and, having plenty of time, I resumed my mathematical studies. By this time I had studied plane and spherical trigonometry, conic sections, and Ferguson's Astronomy. I think it was immediately after my return to Scotland that I attempted to read Newton's Principia. I found it extremely difficult, and certainly did not understand it till I returned to it some time after, when I studied that wonderful work with great assiduity, and wrote numerous notes and observations on it."

S. P.

## PRECOCIOUS CHILDREN.

Mozart, of immortal fame, was brought forward as a musical prodigy very early, playing brilliantly before the assembled court at the age of six—a mere infant. Was this premature stimulation to blame for his early death, about thirty five? There was Beethoven too, a grander, deeper genius, contrasted with the aristocratic illustrious Mozart as "the lion-headed youngster with the burning eyes,"—doubtless his health was ruined by the same forced culture. Playing in public at nine years old, composing three sonatas at twelve, appointed court organist to Maximilian at fourteen, what chance was there for any natural childhood, what possibility of development for the body that his wonderful soul must dwell in? That stormy giant face of his, that fascinates us like his music by its mighty mastery of human emotions, is scarred by many a line of suffering that might well have been spared out of his life. The intense nervous excitement inseparable from such a musical organization was quite enough of a disturbing influence, even for his great physical strength. Guarded and cared for in the wisest way, the agitations of his impassioned temperament would still have made sound health impossible. But such consideration would have smoothed his rugged life-path, and lengthened his days.

The little violinist, who has been making a sensation in Boston and other eastern cities, closed his career at the age of Mozart's debut—six years old when he died. The Tribune says:

"At a time when he should have been tucked away in his bed, he was standing before large audiences playing music which excited him, thrilled through and through by noise and plaudits that excited him tenfold more. His little store of vital energy and nervous power, which should have been subjected to no more exacting drafts than the plays of the nursery or the caresses of his parents, was wasted in this reckless extravagance. He went to Boston, and there played day and night. The manager noticed, after a matinée, his look of exhaustion, and told him to stay at home that night. His father made him obey the injunction, sorely against his will. He missed the crowd, the lights, the roaring applause, the fatal delight of the life which was killing him. Father and son went to bed, and the former was soon awakened by the murmurings of the child. He heard him say, 'Merciful God, make room for a little fellow,' and with this strange and touching prayer for a peace and rest denied him in his short life the gifted and ill-treated infant left this rough world."

S. P.

### Value of Punctuation.

WHAT A MISPLACED COMMA DID.

The comma (,) that little dot which is a very insignificant thing to the eye, sometimes plays an important part in language. Though the rules for its use, like its relatives, are somewhat obscure, nevertheless its function in some cases is very clear and of considerable moment, as has been discovered in a law of Congress passed in 1872. In the tariff bill which went into effect that year there was a large addition to the free list, and among the articles added were "fruit plants, tropical and semi-tropical," designed to encourage their importation and cultivation. But in the process of engrossing or transcribing the bill to be officially printed, a comma was interpolated between fruit and plants, whereby all fruits were put on the free-list. The customs officers, if they "minded their p's and q's," did not mind the comma, and went on collecting the duties. At length some lynx-eyed importer discovered the comma, and demanded that it should be recognized, and the customs officers had to stand on the order of Prosody and pass fruit free. The result has been, that about $3,000,000 have been illegally collected through this interpolated comma, at which Uncle Sam will have to stop and count more than one, and refund. The Ways and Means Committee will report a bill to expunge the comma, and thus remand fruit back to the list of dutiable articles. This will prove a most expensive comma.

### The Man Who Sits Awhile.

You can arrest a man for libel, and pay costs too if you choose, but you cannot imprison him for boring you. It is a crime for a man to steal your pocket-book even if it is trash; but he may steal out of your working day three or four hours, worth perhaps ten dollars in money and double that in discipline, with perfect impunity. It is called murder for one man to destroy another's life, but when Mr. S—— drops in and kills the choicest hours of your day, throttles your best ideas, and throws your whole train of thought off the track, there is nothing to be said, save that he "just thought he'd run in a moment and sit awhile and have a friendly chat." No penalty in law, no fine, no imprisonment, no gallows.

## NEAT HABITS.

Girls, take heed to your habits! They might just as well be good as bad. Habits of personal neatness once established, it is much easier to observe than to neglect them. It is very well to dress speedily in the morning, if the thing is really done; but we have heard young ladies brag of the short time it took them to get ready for the breakfast table, when the feat was accomplished by omitting from their toilette the most important items. From three to five minutes is abundant time for putting on clothes, but that is the smallest part of the process of dressing. Due attention to the hair, the teeth and the nails, without which a lady is not presentable, cannot be given under half an hour. To brush the hair well before retiring for the night, is a good habit.

And the constant use of a clothes brush is as important for ladies as gentlemen, now that black is so much worn. A small whisk is good, perhaps a soft, dry sponge is better for removing dust from black silk or alpaca. A roll of black woollen cloth will also answer. And for further cleansing such as grease spots, always keep near your toilette table a bottle of spirits of hartshorn or carbonate of ammonia in solution, (an ounce to a pint of water,) and keep also a black cloth to apply it—a bit of poplin or delaine or flannel. Spots can be removed from black with the utmost ease and celerity.

It makes a great difference in the time that a tissue or berege veil can be worn, if it is always spread smoothly upon the counterpane of your bed on being taken off. Not only is this important when rain has sprinkled it; the moisture of your breath makes a crumpled spot that by repetition will soon spoil the veil, if it is tossed off carelessly. And it is surprising how long a cashmere scarf will keep its freshness if it is invariably laid away in smooth folds. The same with kid gloves; pull out the fingers while yet pliant from wearing, and lay them in their box, unless they show a rip or a rent, in which case the proper place for them is your dainty work-basket, furnished with spools of silk of every needed color. In the few odd minutes while you are chatting with a friend, they will get mended without any trouble. Once acquire habits of order and neatness, and they will run on of themselves, making paths of peace and pleasantness for your daily steps.

S. P.

## THE SICILIAN VESPERS.

The terrible massacre known by the above title took place at Easter, in the year 1282. It was but a verification of the old proverb of the trodden worm turning to bite its oppressor's foot. At this period the Sicilians were ruled over by a French prince of the House of Anjou, with a tyranny of the most cruel and galling nature. Obnoxious to the Sicilians from his nation, the people had as well to bear the presence of a licentious and brutal alien soldiery, to whom nothing was sacred; and the history of the times teems with accounts of the coarse insults to which husbands and fathers of all classes had to submit, as offered to those who were nearest and dearest of their families. Under such a long course of oppression, it was but little wonder that the hot fire of Italian wrath should be smouldering, and waiting but for some slight fanning to leap into a devastating flame that should destroy all before it. The occasion arrived. Easter Monday being a grand fête day, a procession of the people of Palermo was formed to attend vespers at a neighboring church; when the French rulers, who gazed with suspicion upon all gatherings of the people, made this a pretext for searching for arms. To a brutal, licentious soldiery, this supplied an opportunity for offering gross insults to the females, one of whom was a young married lady of great beauty and position. Her screams aroused the multitude; the spark was laid to the train; and, led by the lady's father and husband, the people rose in tumult. Arms were seized, and an indiscriminate slaughter of all the French in the city was the result.

This was but the alarm note for a general rising; and in town after town, upon that same day, massacres took place, the news flying swiftly, till not a place remained in the hands of the French but Messina. So hot was the people's rage, and so long a reign of cruelty had they to avenge, that mercy was forgotten, neither sex nor age was spared—French nationality being the password for death. Fortresses were attacked and carried, sharp and decisive engagements took place, and garrison after garrison was slaughtered; Messina only remaining at last to be taken to free the island from the foreign yoke. But here a pause ensued; many of the more substantial inhabitants fearing the power of the insurgents as opposed to that of the trained soldiery. But again a spark illumined the fire. A citizen was seized by the French for appearing in public bearing arms. He resisted, aided by friends; but being overcome, they were borne off to prison; when, not content with the conquest, the viceroy sent to arrest the prisoners' wives. This injustice roused the people, who flew to arms, attacked the French, and slaughtered above three thousand, driving the others into their fortresses, which they took after an obstinate defence, and put the defenders to the sword.

The insurrection, commencing as it did on the night of the Palermo procession, has since been known by the name of the Sicilian Vespers. The number of French put to the sword has been variously estimated at from twenty to thirty thousand; but, whatever the number, the slaughter was fierce and indiscriminate; and, in spite of after-efforts to recover the territory, Sicily was from that time lost to the reigning King of Naples, Charles of Anjou.

### Miss Nellie Grant's Approaching Nuptials.

A correspondent writing from Washington says: Miss Nellie Grant's engagement is one of the leading topics of society chat here. It will be remembered that Fanny Kemble, the tragedienne, who married Mr. Pierce Butler, of Philadelphia, and was afterward divorced from him, had a younger sister who evinced a great talent for music. She studied in Italy and in Paris, and made a sensation at several concerts, but before she was fairly on the stage as a prima donna, she was wooed and won by Mr. Sartorius, a rich Englishman of an old family. Now, when Miss Nellie Grant returned from Europe last year, she made the acquaintance, on the steamer, of the second son of this Mr. and Mrs. Sartorius, and the intimacy ripened into affection. Just then the elder brother died, and the fortunate swain thus becomes the heir to the Sartorius estate. It is intimated that the marriage will come off in the spring, and at the same time Colonel Fred. Grant will marry Miss Cooke, the eldest daughter of ex-Governor Henry D. Cooke, of this District.

## MONOTONY.

Monotony is pleasant in itself; morally pleasant, and morally useful. Marriage is monotonous; but there is much, I trust, to be said in favor of holy wedlock. Living in the same house is monotonous; but three removes, say the wise, are as bad as a fire. Locomotion is regarded as an evil by our Litany. The Litany, as usual, is right. "Those who travel by land or sea" are to be objects of our pity and our prayers; and I do pity them. I delight in that same monotony. It saves curiosity, anxiety, excitement, disappointment, and a host of bad passions. It gives a man the blessed, invigorating feeling that he is at home; that he has roots, deep and wide, struck down into all he sees; and that only The Being who will do nothing cruel or useless can tear them up. It is pleasant to look down on the same parish day after day, and say: "I know all that lies beneath, and all beneath know me. If I want a friend, I know where to find him; if I want work done, I know who will do it." It is pleasant and good to see the same trees year after year; the same birds coming back in spring to the same shrubs; the same banks covered with the same flowers, and broken (if they be stiff ones) by the same gaps. Pleasant and good it is to ride the same horse, to sit in the same chair, to wear the same old coat. That man who offered twenty pounds' reward for a lost carpet-bag full of old boots was a sage, and I wish I knew him. Why should one change one's place, any more than one's wife or one's children? Is a hermit-crab, slipping his tail out of one strange shell into another, in the hopes of its fitting him a little better, either a dignified, safe, or graceful animal? No; George Riddler was a true philosopher:

"I set vules go searching var and nigh,
We bides at Whum, my dog and I;"

and become there, not only wiser, but more charitable; for the oftener one sees, the better one knows; and the better one knows, the more one loves.

It is an easy philosophy; especially in the case of the horse, where a man cannot afford more than one, as I cannot. To own a stud of horses, after all, is not to own horses at all, but riding-machines. Your rich man, who rides Crimea in the morning, Sir Guy in the afternoon, and Sultan to-morrow, and something else the next day, may be a very gallant rider; but it is a question whether he enjoys the pleasure which one horse gives to the poor man who rides him day after day; one horse, who is not a slave, but a friend; who has learned all his tricks of voice, hand, heel, and who knows what his master wants, even without being told; who will bear with his master's infirmities, and feel secure that his master will bear with his in turn.

Possibly, after all, the grapes are sour; and were one rich, one would do even as the rich are wont to do; but still, I am a minute philosopher. And, therefore, this afternoon, after I have done the same work, visited the same people, and said the same words to them, which I have done for years past, and shall, I trust, for many a year to come, I shall go wandering out into the same winter-garden on the same old mare; and think the same thoughts, and see the same fir-trees, and meet, perhaps, the same good fellows hunting of their fox, as I have done with full content this many a year; and rejoice, as I said before, in my own boundless wealth, who have the whole universe to look at, without being charged one penny for the show.—*Charles Kingsley.*

## ENGLISH CHILDREN.

The new-born English aristocrat receives, as soon as born, a little bed with a hair mattress. From its earliest age it is taken, warmly wrapped, into the fresh air. After the first year its meals are reduced to three, and this rule is so unchangeable that no child thinks of requiring anything more; and from this time its food is rich milk and bread and butter, and good meat. After breakfast it remains several hours in the open air, and then sleeps. Never are English children intrusted to the care of a young nursery-maid; but to an elderly, experienced person, under whose direction they constantly are. As soon as the young girl goes to school the carriage of the head and shoulders becomes an object of attention, and under no circumstances is she permitted to sit otherwise than upright. "My child grows but once," says an English mother, "and therefore nothing is so important as her physical development. Everything else can be acquired later." An English child rises at seven, breakfasts at eight, dines at one, sups at seven, and at nine o'clock goes to bed. Until twelve years of age they pass the greater part of the day in the open air, with only about four hours' mental work. The young English aristocratic maiden dines first with her parents at eighteen years of age, when she leaves school and makes her debut in society. She is fresh and blooming as a rose, with light step, and eyes beaming with pleasure and life. Her frequent laugh displays her beautiful teeth, and her hair is rich and abundant. Here, for the first time, fashionable Violet displays her fine fulness of contour. London possesses noble museums, galleries of art and treasures of architecture, but one of the most charming of its sights may be seen on fine afternoons in Hyde Park—crowds of children merrily playing, earthly angels of incomparable beauty. A sight equally interesting may be witnessed after service on Sunday, at the Foundling Hospital—several hundred children, ranging from five to thirteen years of age, and of the most noble physique and absolutely bewildering beauty. Two of the most wonderful sights of Europe are the children of England and the flowers of Paris.

### Woman's Status.

A woman is a woman and not a lesser edition of man. The competition, in which we are forever laboring to involve them, has no existence in nature. They are not rivals nor antagonists; they are two halves of a complete being. The offices they hold in this world are essentially different. There is scarcely any natural standing ground, which we can realize, on which these two creatures appear as rivals. The very thought is preposterous.

Shall the woman challenge the man to a trial of strength? Shall the man pit himself against the woman for delicacy of eye and taste? Shall she plough the heavy fields with him, wading through the new-turned mold, or shall he watch the sick with her, patient through the weary vigil? An exchange of place and toil, the man taking the in-door work, and the woman the out-door, in order to prove the futility of their mutual discontent, was a favorite subject of the old ballad makers, and the witty minstrel is generally very great on the domestic confusion that follows, and gives the wife the best of it. But the fact is that such rivalry can be nothing but a jest. The two are not rivals—they are not alike.—*Edinburgh Review.*

## EVENING LONGINGS.

I.

The princess sat high in her maiden bower,
And the boy blew his horn below by the tower:
"Be silent, thou boy; why blowest thou so?
Thou hindrest my thoughts, that afar would go
With the setting sun."

II.

The princess sat high in her maiden bower,
And the boy no longer blew by the tower:
"Why art thou so silent? Again thou must blow;
Thou helpest my thoughts that afar would go
With the setting sun."

III.

The princess sat high in her maiden bower,
And the boy blew again below by the tower;
And then she wept in the eventide;
"What do I want, my God?" she sighed;
Then the sun went down.

## THE ALHAMBRA.

"Where is the entrance?"

A thicket of oleanders was pointed out, where there was only a little, low wall, but no palace. So I asked the governor's servant, who pointed quite in a different direction, into a myrtle-hedge on the other side of Charles V.'s Palace, where one could perceive no building of any kind.

It was puzzling; surely it could not be so very difficult to find; so we walked up and down, and round and round, in vain, till I began to think the genii of the place had rendered it invisible.

At length we condescended to take a small boy with us. I thought that, after the fashion of those imps of darkness, Spanish boys, he was leading us all wrong; for he first took us alongside of Charles V.'s Palace, where I knew there was no other entrance; only the low mud wall and the clump of oleanders. Next, regardless of my remonstrances, he plunged into that same place, where we had already been, and in which we knew there was nothing to see; and then proceeded to dive into the bowels of the earth! I really thought this was to turn out a stupid practical joke, if not worse, and very nearly refused to go on. But just then an official, with a gold band round his hat, appeared (at least his hat did), as through a trap-door, and motioned us to advance. We did so, and found a flight of steps going down apparently into the earth; but the friendly official, and the still more friendly apparition of a pleasant-looking gray cat, encouraged us to proceed. We ran down the steps, and, instead of finding ourselves, as I had feared, in a dark cellar, we were in the Palace of Boabdil! In the Court of Myrtles, with its hedges of fragrant leaves and white, starry blossoms, inclosing the pale-green water trembling in the golden light, and before us the slim colonnades and lace-like fretwork, so strange and yet so familiar.

Away we wandered to the Court of Lions, to the Hall of the Dos Hermanas, and looked into Lindaraja's garden; then into the Hall of Justice, with its solemn portraits of turbaned and bearded Moors sitting in council; to the Hall of the Abencerrages, where the dark red stains by the fountain recall a bloody tale; up to the Tocador de la Reyna, and looked out at the Sierra Nevada, and the Generalife among its cypresses. Then down through light, pillared galleries, with wondrous glimpses of the outer world; down, down into the dim bath-rooms, all rich gold, and crimson, and blue; up again into still, sunny courts, full of bright orange trees and tall, dark cypresses; then into the mosque where Boabdil worshipped. And ever that forest of slender columns, and those marvelous arches, all pale yellow in the July sunshine! At last we found ourselves in the Hall of Ambassadors, with its glorious views of Vega, Sierra and mountain valley, and the exquisite frame of those lovely pictures! But who can describe the Alhambra? It is the one thing on earth in which disappointment is impossible—the great wonder of the world.

When we left it that day, and stood once more in the half-built modern palace, it seemed as if this lovely Arabian dream had vanished, swallowed up in the commonplace, work-a-day earth. We could scarcely believe that we might come back and back, as often as we pleased, and still find it again.

Many a long, bright summer day did we spend there, sitting with books and drawing-materials under the colonnade in the Court of Lions, or, when it grew too hot there, in the Hall of Ambassadors, which, with its unglazed windows to north, east and west, and its seventy feet of height, could never be otherwise than perfectly cool. At all hours, in the early morning, at mid-day, and even by moonlight, we went out and in as we pleased. Always beautiful, I think it was less so by moonlight than at any other time; at noon it seemed to us the most enchanting. One peculiarity of the Alhambra is, however, that everybody always thinks he himself has seen it in its greatest perfection. Often have we been told, "Oh! but you should have seen it in spring, when the violets are out, and the nightingales are singing, and the Sierra Nevada is white as the Alps." It is, indeed, a melancholy fact that the violets were over, and the nightingales silent, by the time we arrived; but one cannot have everything; if we had had violets, we should not have had oleanders nor myrtle-blossoms—and the strange dreaminess, the Oriental charm of the Alhambra, seems to demand the hottest blaze of a July sun—then one feels all the luxury of its great, cool halls and shady colonnades.

* * * * * *

During July and August our long afternoons here were most delicious, spent in those airy halls, reading the old Spanish ballads, the Romanceros and Cancioneros, which tell of the Moorish and Christian feats of ancient days, of tournaments and bull-fights, and gallant knights and beauteous ladies; of love, and war, and bloodshed—till the dream-world seemed the real one, and it felt quite strange to go back to the hotel and be offered the *Times* and the *Stock*.

Here, also, we read Washington Irving's delightful tales. Most of the legends he mentions are really believed in by the people to this day. They are quite convinced that all tortoise-shell cats are Moorish princesses in disguise, who will one day resume their human shape; they are, therefore, much prized, and a tortoise-shell kitten is always reared and treated with the utmost respect. I am not sure that they altogether believe in the enchanter who sits among his treasures before the Siete Suelos Tower, or the myrtle-wreaths that become emerald and pearl; but when the trees take strange shapes in the moonlight, they rather think that the topmost branches are Moorish and Christian knights on horseback, fighting in the air. Here earth and air are indeed haunted.—"*A Summer in Spain*," *by Mrs. Ramsay* (*London*).

A GOOD CONSCIENCE.—How bravely a man can walk the earth, bear the heaviest burdens, perform the severest duties, and look all men boldly in the face, if he only bears in his breast a clear conscience, void of offence toward God and man. There is no spring, no spur, no inspiration like this. To feel that we have omitted no task, and left no obligation undischarged, this fills the heart with satisfaction and the soul with strength.

## OBSERVATIONS.

BY MAX ADELER.

—Congress has received a petition from certain men who fought the Indians in Tennessee in the early part of this century, asking that they shall be pensioned like the veterans of the war of 1812. If this request is granted we shall demand that the militia who defended Pennsylvania in 1863 shall also be pensioned. We were one of those militiamen, and no man will ever know what we suffered for our country. We would be lying in camp gorged with bacon and hard-tack, and feeling as if we never wanted to move, when suddenly the enemy would be discovered to be within twenty miles of us and we would have to get up and leave and hurry off toward home. Then when the enemy retreated we would come back again with our feet wet and our nervous systems injured by fright, and just as we got full of rations again some ridiculous officer would prance up and begin to drill us until our legs ached and our trowsers were covered with mud. Every time a gun went off in the neighborhood we were scared nearly to death, and once when the enemy actually surprised us, several of our men started for Hudson's Bay, and hurried so to reach their destination that they didn't stop for food, and remained hungry for three or four hours at a time. Then imagine what we suffered from our muskets! Whenever one of them was accidentally discharged it usually kicked the holder thirty or forty yards to the rear, and ended by dropping on his corns. There were few soldiers in that war that suffered as we did. There were few who retreated so swiftly and so often, and came back with such painful slowness. And not one of us shed a drop of the enemy's blood. We were opposed to the sanguinary method of conducting war, and we tried to set the foe a good example in this respect. It didn't seem to impress them much, though. They hunted us with infamous ferocity. But now we want a pension. We want a pension so that we can save up the money and buy a substitute who will go and die for us in the next war. It is sweet for a substitute to die for one's country, much sweeter than to die for it yourself.

—We are very sorry, indeed, to learn that a German chemist has succeeded in making first-rate brandy out of saw-dust. We are a friend of the temperance movement, and we want it to succeed. But what chance will it have when a man can take a rip saw and go out and get drunk with a fence-rail? What is the use of a prohibitory liquor law if a man is able to make brandy smashes out of the shingles on his roof, or if he can get *delirium tremens* by drinking the legs of his kitchen chairs? You may shut an inebriate out of a gin shop, and keep him away from taverns, but if he can become uproarious on boiled saw-dust and desiccated window-sills, any effort at reform must necessarily be a failure. It will be wise, therefore, if the temperance societies will butcher that German chemist before he goes any further. His recipe ought not to be made public. He should be stuffed with distilled boarding-yards until he perishes with *mania a potu*.

—When Smiley of Pittsburgh started for Philadelphia the other day a woman occupied the seat in front of him with twin infants. Just before the train moved off the woman asked Smiley to hold the babies for a moment while she went to the drug store across the street after a new bottle top. He took the little ones and before the woman returned the train started. Smiley was in agony, and when the babies began to cry no words can describe his misery. All the passengers were looking at him, and as he dandled the children up and down, one on each knee, the perspiration streamed from every pore. This kind of thing continued until dark, and then as the conductor refused to have anything to do with the infants, poor old Smiley put them into his own berth and tried to soothe them. But the more he tried the more they howled, and he sat up alongside of them the whole night utterly wretched, while the other passengers swore at him and threw boots at his head, and called him hard names because he wouldn't keep the youngsters quiet. By the time morning came Smiley was pretty near crazy, and the twins were almost starved to death. He had nothing to give them but plug tobacco and bay rum, which he carried for his hair, and he knew those were not healthy. The first time the train stopped he bolted out and bought a pie. When he returned one of the twins had tumbled off the seat and had a broken nose; but he stuffed them both with the pie until they were deathly sick, and began to disgorge. Then Smiley was in a worse case than ever. When he reached Philadelphia he was on the very verge of insanity, and his reason was all but dethroned when a policeman entered the car and seized him on the authority of a telegram from Pittsburgh, on a charge of kidnapping. He spent the night in jail, and was then released on bail. He wants to find the father of those twins. He yearns to tell him something, and to fumble among his hair.

—Mr. Pullman, of Hatboro, doesn't feel as much interest in the study of natural history as he used to. He has a fine aquarium, and on Wednesday he thought he would spend half an hour studying the movements of the fish and other animals in it. He was particularly interested in the capers of a large pickerel, and he thought he would peep over the edge of the tank and see how the fish looked through the water. The nose of Mr. Pullman is long and red; and as it projected over the water it naturally attracted the attention of the pickerel. The fish darted toward it, snapped at it, and the next moment Mr. Pullman was running up-stairs with a three-pound pickerel hanging to his nose. When they knocked it loose (the fish, not the nose), the nose began to swell, and it is now as large as a good-sized Bartlett pear. It would make a splendid nose for ball, but although Mr. Pullman is exceedingly fond of fish he will probably not use it continually for that purpose. He has soured on piscatorial sport.

—An Episcopal clergyman in this neighborhood said, at a meeting the other day, where ritualism was being discussed: "If there is much more fuss about the kind of garments ministers shall wear in the pulpit, some of us will perform the services with none at all." Of course, as this is a free country, every man may do as he pleases, but we must say that while a minister who comes into church with nothing at all on him but his hair and whiskers and toe nails may mean well, his conduct would seem to us to be somewhat wrong. We would not go to a church where the clergyman behaved so, even if it was the only church in the country. We approve of simplicity in dress, especially in the pulpit, but this costume is hardly rich enough. Even the most evangelical and unritualistic pastor might at least wear an umbrella and a pair of wristbands into the sanctuary.

## THE MANIAC.

BY ELLA WHEELER.

I saw them sitting in the shade;
The long green vines hung over,
But could not hide the gold-haired maid
And Earl—my blue-eyed lover.
His arm was clasped so close, so close,
Her eyes were softly lifted,
While his eyes drank the cheek of rose,
And breast like snow-flakes drifted.

A strange noise sounded in my brain:
I was a guest unbidden.
I stole away—but came again
With two steels snugly hidden.
I stood behind them; close they kissed
While eye to eye was speaking.
I aimed my steels, and neither missed
The heart I sent it seeking.

There were two death shrieks, mingled so
It seemed like one voice crying.
I laughed. It was such bliss, you know,
To hear, and see them dying.
I laughed and shouted, while I stood
Above the lovers gazing
Upon the little rills of blood,
And in the eyes fast glazing.

It was such joy to see the rose
Fade from her cheek forever;
To know the lips he kissed so close
Could answer never—never.
To see his arm grow stiff and cold,
And know it could not fold her;
To know that while the world grew old,
His eyes could not behold her.

A crowd of people thronged about,
Brought thither by my laughter;
I gave one last triumphant shout—
And darkness followed after.
That was a thousand years ago—
Each hour I live it over,
For here, just out of reach, you know,
She lies, with Earl, my lover.

They lie there, staring, staring so,
With great glazed eyes, to taunt me.
Will no one bury them down low,
Where they shall cease to haunt me?
He kissed *her* lips, not mine. The flowers
And vines hang all around them.
Sometimes I sit and laugh for hours,
To think just how I found them.

And then sometimes I stand and shriek
In agony of terror,
Thinking the red warms in her cheek—
Then laugh loud at my error.
My cheek was all too pale, he thought;
He deemed hers far the brightest;
Ha! but my dagger touched a spot
That made *her* cheek turn whitest.

# THE SEA OF FIRE;

## OR,

## ON THE BRINK OF A PRECIPICE.

BY MAURICE F. EGAN.

### CHAPTER V.

AT BAY.

With lightning-like swiftness, the full horror of the situation burst on Aubrey De Lancy's mind. Unarmed, burdened with a fainting girl, before him the fierce beast preparing to spring, and behind him Ross Burleigh's Tapuyas searching for their prey!

Between these alternatives what choice was left to him?

An instant's hesitation would be fatal. He did not lose that instant, but seizing Inez in his arms, turned quickly, and rushed through the tangled screen that hid the den from view.

A stifled growl fell upon his ears. Was the jaguar following him? He dared not look back. He exerted his full strength; and a man never knows his full strength until he needs it in some time of overwhelming danger. The ground seemed to fly beneath his feet. He scarcely felt the weight of the senseless form in his arms.

But this desperate rate of speed could not be kept up long. Aubrey's pace slackened. His breath came short—he panted. He was compelled to halt. At bay, he turned, resolving that if the jaguar were on his track to face the terrible animal, and, without weapons as he was, to defend Inez to the death.

Placing his hand to his ear, he bent forward in the direction from whence he had come, and listened. Measured steps, light and almost noiseless, were approaching; but they were not the steps of the jaguar. Aubrey knew that at once. They were the steps of the pursuing Indians.

Aubrey tried to bring all the faculties of his mind to bear upon the danger that threatened him. To attempt flight would be useless, wearied as he was. Dusk was beginning to fall; but there was no hope of stealing away in the gloom, for the slightest movement on his part could not fail to be heard by the trained ears of the Tapuyas.

Should he stand there idle, and see the Indians tear from him the girl who had been thrown on his protection? Never!

He would have given worlds for the revolver he had thoughtlessly left in his room at home. Around him there was nothing that he could use as a means of defence.

The steps came nearer. A light flashing among the trees told him that the Tapuyas were using a torch. Near him stood a tree—the top of which had either been struck by lightning or fallen under the accumulated weight of its parasites, for one bough alone remained, sticking out horizontally. From this bough, as from every other in a tropical forest, masses of vines and tough sipos hung. Using these sipos as a ladder, Aubrey climbed upon the bough. It was hard work, as he had to support Inez in his ascent, but at last it was accomplished. The limb was scarcely strong enough to bear them; it shook and bent beneath their weight.

Aubrey did not notice this. His whole attention was fixed on the approaching light. He could dimly see the dark figures of three Tapuyas. They were steadily advancing on his trail.

Aubrey supported Inez with his right hand, and with his left firmly grasped the creaking bough. Inez uttered a faint cry of affright, and endeavored to disengage herself from her protector.

"Who are you? Where am I?" she asked, as she became conscious of her strange position.

"Do not move, señorita, I implore," whispered Aubrey, "your safety depends on silence."

His voice seemed to reassure her, for she ceased to struggle, and turned her bewildered gaze in the direction of the advancing Tapuyas. Perhaps their appearance recalled the cause of her swoon, for she covered her face with her hands, and shuddered.

In a few moments the Tapuyas were beneath the tree. Aubrey held his breath, and leaned forward eagerly. Inez now seemed to understand the necessity for silence, for she spoke no word nor made the slightest movement.

Two of the Tapuyas knelt down to examine the trace of Aubrey's footsteps, while the other held the torch. If they should go on for some distance, there would be a chance of escape. Aubrey saw his own rifle in the hands of one of the Tapuyas. The fellow had doubtless found it where its owner had been forced to drop it in his flight. Suspense seemed to arrest the beating of Aubrey's heart.

"He is hidden here somewhere," said one of the Indians, straightening himself up.

"You are wrong, Juan," returned another, in a guttural voice. "He has been here, but he has retraced his steps."

Juan shrugged his shoulders.

"I have eyes, Vincento."

"They are blind, then," responded Vincento. "Where are the steps of the maiden?"

"She is light. She did not walk. They are hidden here."

"Let us go on further," said the torch-bearer. "We may find the trail again. A man cannot walk into the trunk of a tree."

"But a man can climb."

Aubrey prepared to grasp the throat of the first Indian who should attempt to ascend the tree.

"He has gone back on his trail, Juan. See!"

And Vincento pointed out one or two foot-marks, which Aubrey in his perplexity had unconsciously retraced.

"I am no fool, I have spoken," said Juan, indifferently.

"Time passes," said the torch-bearer. "Let Juan search. He may find the hiding-place."

Juan was lithe as a panther and lightly clad. Aubrey's rifle, swung by its strap across his back, was the only weighty object he carried. With two elastic bounds, he seized hold of the bough on which Aubrey and Inez crouched. Inez now clung with both hands to the branch. In consequence of this, Aubrey's hands were free.

As soon as the Indian's head had reached above the level of the bough, Aubrey grasped him by the throat. The Indian made vigorous endeavors to maintain his foothold among the twisted sipos; Aubrey with all his strength tried to force him down. The bough cracked with the violence of the struggle.

The Indian uttered a wild yell. Aubrey tightened the grasp upon his throat. The bough cracked—wavered—broke. The combatants descended swiftly through the air, and struck the earth—the Indian being undermost.

Aubrey sprang to his feet. The contact with mother earth appeared to renew his vigor. Before the prostrate Juan could rise, Aubrey had torn the rifle from him.

When the bough broke Inez had uttered an involuntary cry; but as she had clung tightly to the sipos that embowered the unbroken part of the branch nearest the trunk, she had slidden gradually to the ground, and her fall had been gentle. She now stood on the huge projecting root of the tree, frightened and shocked, but not injured.

Aubrey placed himself before her, and faced the Tapuyas, who were raising their fallen comrade. Aubrey had perhaps never felt such a thrill of confident hope before in his life, as when he felt the weight of that rifle resting on his arm. The Indians were armed with machetes, but possessed no guns.

"Courage, señorita," Aubrey said to the drooping figure behind him; and then to the Indians: "Now, what do you want?"

"The Señorita de Vastro," replied Juan, who by this time had been restored to a perpendicular position.

"Your demand is exceedingly modest," said Aubrey. "Is she a slave that she should be given up to you, Tapuyas?"

"We are obeying our master, Senhor Burleigh," said Vincento.

"Well, go and tell him that I prevented you. Tell him, too, from me, that he is an assassin—a base scoundrel. Let him appear in Para, and he shall receive the punishment of his crimes. Go! I will restore this young lady to her father."

There was a pause. The Indians seemed astonished by this audacious speech, proceeding, as it did, from a man who was in the minority of one to three.

"We must have the girl," said Juan.

"Take her."

Aubrey spoke coolly, preparing to blow out the brains of the first Tapuya who should approach him.

The Indians simultaneously drew out their knives.

"Think a moment before you come nearer, Tapuyas. Another inch, and one of you is a dead man!"

The Indians hesitated. Steps were heard among the underbrush. Aubrey strained his sense of hearing to listen. Was it help for him? When he had followed Laura Burleigh into the forest, and lost sight of her, he had returned home for his rifle, and sent Miguel, with three other servants, out to aid him in the pursuit. He hoped that the approaching footsteps might be theirs.

He was doomed to disappointment. Out of the gloom of the forest came Ross Burleigh and his sister, attended by a Tapuya, carrying a torch. Burleigh was very pale; his head was bound with a blood-stained handkerchief. Aubrey's blow had not been without effect.

"Ha! At bay, De Lancy?" cried Burleigh, a fiendlike smile contorting his white face. "Now my time has come!"

"To hear my name uttered by your base lips," cried Aubrey, "is the greatest vengeance you can take upon me."

"We shall see. You'll not attempt heroics under the knives of my Tapuyas. Seize the girl, Juan!"

"He has a rifle, senhor," was Juan's laconic reply.

"Curse your cowardice!" cried Burleigh. "I'll do it myself."

"Back!" cried Aubrey. "Back, I say! I have servants in the forest. The explosion of a rifle will inform them where I am. Approach, and you are a dead man! Fire, and they are on your track."

Burleigh brought the butt of his rifle to the ground with a heavy thud. The force of Aubrey's reasoning struck him.

"I'll risk it," he said. "Cut him down, Tapuyas!"

Aubrey steadied his rifle. The two Tapuyas moved some steps forward. Those with the lights did not move.

"Laura—Laura, save him! For my sake, save him!"

Laura Burleigh had been standing behind one of the torch-bearers, partially hidden in the darkening gloom. At Inez's appealing cry, she came forward into the circle of light.

"Inez," she said, "come to me!"

"You must not approach that vile woman!" exclaimed Aubrey, impetuously. "I'll defend you while I've life from these demons! Remain where you are, Señorita de Vastro."

"They'll kill you! Oh, Laura!" sobbed Inez, undecided.

While Aubrey's attention was divided between Inez and his foes, Juan, the Tapuya, sprang upon him and grasped the barrel of his rifle. The charge exploded harmlessly over the Indian's shoulder.

Aubrey and Juan were about equally matched in the hand-to-hand struggle that followed; but Burleigh and Vincento hastened to assist Juan, and Aubrey sank to the ground under the blows of his assailants. With a faint struggle and a fainter moan, he lapsed into unconsciousness.

Burleigh motioned the Indians away, and, stooping down, proceeded to search Aubrey. He was evidently seeking for a particular object of sufficient value to preclude its being carried carelessly. He passed over the pockets of his victim's coat, but tore away the lining of his vest. Here he found only a piece of canvas, folded flat. This was not what he wanted; but he took it. He then tore away Aubrey's collar, and revealed a slender steel chain to which hung a small pouch. With fingers trembling with eagerness, he seized it.

"The Sea of Fire!" he said, hoarsely, "the Sea of Fire is mine!"

He raised his machete to give the unconscious man a parting blow; but Inez, with heaving bosom and flashing eyes, threw herself before him.

"You shall kill me first, monster!"

"The Tapuyas have finished him," said Laura Burleigh, indifferently. "Don't waste your time, Ross; there are people on our trail."

Burleigh returned the machete to his belt, and taking Inez by one arm, he dragged her to Juan and Calistro, and bade them guard her well.

The captors and their captive then proceeded toward the river.

### CHAPTER VI.

WHICH?

Burleigh and his party had hardly disappeared in the darkness, when Aubrey De Lancy made a slight movement. He was returning to consciousness. A terrible sense of weakness and bewilderment had taken possession of him. He groped about until he found the tree-trunk. Supporting himself by it, he staggered to his feet.

Gradually the memory of the late events, fraught with such intense interest to himself, came back to him. His father's proposed departure in the Gloria, the forgery, the pursuit, and its consequence—all returned to his mind with vivid distinctness. He became aware that he was wounded, for a dull pain thrilled through him, and a moist stream was trickling down his arm from his shoulder.

He tore aside his sleeve, and in doing so, he became aware that the collar and bosom of his shirt had been rent in pieces. The discovery of this led him to the knowledge of the fact that the great Ruby was gone. Cold perspiration bedewed his brow. In his consternation, he entirely forgot the throbbing pain of his wound.

Had he lost the gem, or had Burleigh stolen it? With hands trembling from weakness and excitement, he searched his pockets for the means of striking a light. Luckily, Aubrey was a smoker, and there were several matches in his pocket. Applying one of these to a dry palm fibre, and piling dead leaves and twigs upon it, he succeeded in making a blaze bright enough for his purpose, which was to examine the surrounding ground.

His shirt might have been torn in the scuffle, he reasoned, in spite of his better judgment; the chain also might have been accidentally severed, and fallen off. His long and minute scrutiny was without effect. There was no trace of The Sea of Fire.

He was reluctantly forced to conclude that Burleigh had taken the stone. He was clumsily endeavoring to bind up his wound, while debating the best course to pursue for the recovery of the Ruby, when an old man came stealthily along the beaten path. This old man had once been of unusual height. This was apparent, though now he was bent nearly double. His shrivelled, mahogany-colored face was a mass of fine wrinkles, and from under his thick brows his eyes shone with red gleams. He wore a long cotton robe, bordered with elaborate feather-work. A red plume, from the wing of some rare bird, was fastened among his straight, black locks of hair. This old man was Antonio the Avenger.

For a moment Aubrey could not credit the evidence of his eyesight. Standing not three yards from him was the man whom a short time ago he had seen in his death agony! It was strange, too, that the giver of the Ruby should present himself immediately after its loss.

The light of the fire attracted the old Indian's attention. He recognized Aubrey.

"You are wounded, senhor," he said, advancing.

"Severely, I fear," returned Aubrey. "The blood flows profusely."

The Indian looked around as if seeking for something. He found what he wanted. It was a sipo with a thin stem that covered a stunted palm. Antonio cut a long piece of the vine, and macerating it as well as he could between a hard, projecting root and a stone, he applied it to Aubrey's wound.

"Antonio the Avenger forgets neither good nor evil," he said.

Aubrey thanked him. The application staunched the blood almost immediately.

"Who inflicted that wound?" asked Antonio, speaking in a dialect of mixed Portuguese and Tapuya, much used in Brazil.

"The Tapuya Juan, by the order of his master, Burleigh."

"That accursed white dog!" Antonio's eyes flashed fire. "Ha! He tried to kill me with the Urari, but I still live to track him to death. Have you avenged that wound? Have you killed him?"

"No."

The look of intense eagerness left the old Indian's face.

"But you will avenge yourself? You will help me to hunt him to death?"

Aubrey turned away in disgust. The old man's aspect was horrible as he grasped Aubrey's sleeve with his claw-like fingers.

"I am not thinking of revenge," the young man answered; "but I'd give the world to be able to tear two things from Burleigh's grasp."

"These things—what are they?"

"A young girl and The Sea of Fire. The villain has stolen them both."

"Beware, white face!" cried Antonio, his voice becoming as loud and shrill as a bird of prey deprived of its young. "Beware! Do not trifle with me. Is The Sea of Fire in his possession?"

"Yes. Not an hour ago, he, as I cannot help believing, tore it from me while I lay here in a state of unconsciousness."

"He shall not keep it! Though it is no longer mine, for Antonio never retakes what he has once given, I will not rest until he gives it up. Ha! it will glow more redly when bathed in his heart's blood. But remember that a curse fell on you when he stole from you The Sea of Fire."

In spite of himself, Aubrey shuddered.

Antonio examined the traces left by Burleigh and the Tapuyas.

"The villain has gone toward the river. He shall not escape me. Vengeance calls me. Death is on his track. Farewell!"

Antonio stalked into the gloom. He seemed to Aubrey like the spectre of a forgotten people losing itself forever in the past.

Replenishing the fire, Aubrey threw himself wearily against a tree. He felt exhausted and despondent. Something hard in one of his pockets struck against his side. He plunged his hand irritably into the left-hand pocket of his coat, and brought out the small iron box about which his father had been so solicitous. Miguel had forgotten to pack it in the trunk, and Aubrey had put it in his pocket, intending to give it to his father on the quay.

In his struggle with the Tapuyas he had probably fallen upon it, for the lock was broken, and when he lifted it by the ring in the lid it opened, and revealed to Aubrey's astonished eyes a ruby exactly resembling his Sea of Fire.

He drew near the blaze. Yes, there was the De Lancy crest—an eagle regardant—faintly traced on the underside. He could see that plainly even by the flickering light of the fire.

The marvellous stone glowed and gleamed like the eye of the fabled Cyclops. How had his father obtained it? he wondered.

Were there more than one Sea of Fire—two De Lancy Rubies?

Excitement gave him false strength. He tried to rise, intending to follow Antonio and again attempt the rescue of Inez; but he fell back, unnerved and weak. All night he lay there, and waking or sleeping, he never ceased to dream or think of the red eye that seemed to watch him.

The next day he crawled slowly back to Para.

Aubrey De Lancy was puzzled. Perhaps one of the rubies were false. If so, which?

### CHAPTER VII.

PURSUED BY THE AVENGER.

For a time Inez de Vastro walked among her captors in a kind of stupor. Scarcely knowing or caring whither they were leading her, she passively allowed herself to be lifted over the obstacles in her way. Again she saw in imagination the form of the unknown protector, who, at the risk, perhaps the cost, of his own life, had defended her. Laura Burleigh's voice aroused her.

"Vincento," she was saying, "return to the cabin as quickly as possible. I sent some luggage thither yesterday. You'll find it in the recess. There are two portmanteaus. Hasten with them down to the montaria."

"Immediately, senhorita."

And Vincento started on his errand at a quick, shuffling pace.

"Laura," cried Inez, standing still, and resisting the attempts of the Tapuyas to drag her onward. "Laura, though you have betrayed me, though you have no mercy for me, yet, by the memory of our former love, grant me one request."

"If it be in my power, dear Inez," said Laura, coming to the prisoner's side, "it is granted at once."

"Send one of these men back to my protector, with orders to convey him to a place of shelter," said Inez, imploringly.

"That would be useless, ma chère. Young De Lancy is dead and cold by this time. Our friend Juan always strikes home."

Juan uttered a complacent grunt.

Inez burst into tears. "What can have changed you so, Laura? How can you be so cruel? How could you have the heart to give me up to that wicked monster? How could you?"

"Don't be impolite, my love. That wicked monster happens to be my brother."

"Your brother!" Inez raised her head in surprise. "I did not know you had a brother."

"I did not tell you everything, you see," Laura Burleigh laughed—a mirthless, cruel laugh. "Allow me to present him. Mr. Ross Burleigh, Señorita de Vastro."

Ross Burleigh bowed gracefully. "I have often seen, and admired the señorita at a distance."

Inez turned away from him, sobbing. "Leave me, señor," she said, with a gesture of her small right hand that was worthy of a queen regnant. "You have ruthlessly torn me from my poor father, and now you mock me. Oh, if I were a man!" she continued, turning and facing him with blazing eyes. "If I were a man—if these hands were strong enough—I'd strangle you as you stand there, wretch!"

"A veritable fury!" said Burleigh, admiringly.

"An Amazonian Niobe," commented the late governess. "You'd better take warning in time. Your wife in future has a temper."

"I have been accustomed to yours," retorted her brother, "and in comparison with that, this little witch's anger is sunshine to storm."

Exhausted by the violence of her indignation, Inez was silent awhile. "Laura," she said at last, "I cannot believe that you have betrayed me. This is a trick—a harmless joke to frighten me. Is it not, Laura?"

The wistful appeal in Inez's voice and eyes would have moved any heart but Laura Burleigh's.

"No. This is real earnest. Did you ever know me to joke, Inez de Vastro?"

The calm, cruel tone in which this answer was made told Inez that there was no hope from that quarter.

"Laura Burleigh," she said, with renewed indignation, "I now see you as you are. I have been foolish—I have been blind, for I have trusted you. You have done this vile thing that you might be revenged on my dear father, who never did you any harm."

"You are wrong there, chère amie. I don't care for revenge. It's not in my line. I prefer the concrete to the abstract," Laura Burleigh answered, coolly disengaging her dress from an intrusive thorn. "It is not for my gratification that you are here. Appeal to my brother. He is your keeper, not I."

Inez looked at Ross Burleigh, and turned away with a shiver.

"Laura," she said, passionately, "for the last time, I ask, I entreat, I implore you to save me from the power of that man!"

Laura made no answer. Inez drew herself up proudly, and trod the path with the step of an offended queen.

"By Jove!" said Burleigh, to his sister, "the girl's perfect. If her father were a beggar, I'd make her my wife."

Laura smiled incredulously. Her only answer was—

"Watch Calistro."

This was one of the Tapuyas that guarded Inez.

"The scoundrel!" muttered Burleigh. "He has betrayed me once, and he is trying to do it again."

The Tapuya whispered to Inez—

"I will help you, senhorita."

Inez gave him a quick, eager glance.

"Can you?"

"Yes. But do not talk so loud. Juan has loosened his grasp on your arm. He thinks you are safe. When we get on farther, where it is still darker than here, I will strike my torch against that of Jao's, and hasten away with you. I know a path to Para which they will never find. And you will reward me well, senhorita."

"Aid me, and my father shall make you rich!"

Calistro gave a satisfied grunt.

"Is it time?" she asked, impatiently.

"No. The trees are thickest nearer the river. As soon as I put out the lights by throwing them down, we will go."

Inez clung nervously to Calistro's arm. The fresh breeze from the river seemed to breathe of hope.

"Now!" muttered the Indian. He was about to dash his torch against the one held by his comrade when Ross Burleigh, who had been watching his every motion, darted forward and wrung the torch from his grasp.

"Traitor!" he hissed. "The Chef de Policia has paid you for one act of treachery, I will pay you for another."

Ross Burleigh's machete glittered in the light and was instantly buried in Calistro's body. He uttered no cry. The weapon had pierced his heart, and he fell heavily at the feet of the horror-stricken Inez. She shrieked wildly.

"Move on!" Burleigh ordered, and the Indians obeyed him, apparently unmoved by the death of their companion.

In a short time they reached the river-bank. A montaria—a large canoe—manned by four Indians, was awaiting them. Vincento had reached it before them with the luggage.

Laura and Inez were placed near the stern. Burleigh prepared to steer, and the Indians took the paddles. A black object in motion was visible just off the city. A light glittered here and there above the water-line.

Laura Burleigh looked toward it for some time without speaking.

"That is the Gloria, Ross."

"Impossible," he answered. "She has started before this."

"It is the Gloria," she persisted. "Why waste time in waiting for another steamer? Let us make for this one."

"A good idea. Men," he said to the Indians, "I want to reach yonder steamer. She has only begun to move, and is going slowly. All ready?"

The Indians were silent. The paddles remained motionless. Juan had been speaking to the men in a low tone.

"What do you mean, Tapuyas?" Burleigh cried, in angry surprise. "Are you deaf? Make for the steamer, I say!"

The Indians sullenly applied themselves to the paddles, and the montaria glided out into the middle of the stream. The moon had lately risen. The few clouds in the sky seemed to swim in the silver light which fell upon the thousand ripples of the river, filling the scene with that serene beauty which is the accompaniment of moonlight. Inez gazed back at the dark line of the forest with a great weight of despair on her heart. A few hours previously she had been a joyous, careless girl, absorbed in the one idea of comforting the friend whom, in her impetuous generosity, she believed to have been unjustly treated. But now she felt the arms of that treacherous friend clasping her tightly and saw the shores of her home receding farther and farther.

"My father was right," she thought, bitterly, "would that I had listened to his words!"

Inez felt that regret was useless now. She buried her face in her hands, and could scarcely restrain herself from shrieking aloud as terrible conjectures and foreboding thoughts of the future arose before her mind.

Ross Burleigh stood at the helm with a clouded brow, for, mingled with the measured sound of the paddles, a low, sullen murmur among the Indians was audible. Burleigh could guess the subject of their conversation from the name Calistro repeated at intervals.

Suddenly the Tapuyas with one accord ceased to paddle.

"Master," said Juan, rising, "why have you killed our comrade Calistro?"

"Continue your work," answered Burleigh, his face darkening with rage. "Go on!"

"Not until you answer our question. Why have you killed Calistro?"

Juan and Burleigh eyed each other for an instant. The Tapuya's deep-set eyes did not flinch before the tiger-like look of his master.

"Three of us saw Calistro murdered. Why?"

"You have no right to question me, Tapuyas. I am your captain, your master. You have sworn to obey me."

Although the Indians had ceased to paddle, the montaria was rapidly drifting with the tide toward the Gloria. The motion of the steamer was at present very slow, almost imperceptible.

"Very well, senhor," said Juan, coolly. "We will turn back, comrades."

"Stay!" cried Burleigh, as the paddles of the Indians began to alter the course of the canoe. "Stay! I will answer you. Calistro was unfaithful."

Juan uttered a grunt, expressive of unbelief.

"Calistro attempted to rescue this lady. Calistro betrayed us to the police, who are even now on our track. Calistro, therefore, deserved death."

"The police on our track!" cried Juan. Even the stolidity of the other Indians gave way before this piece of information.

"They are on our track," repeated Burleigh. "Calistro knew all our haunts. Our band has made great gains from passing travellers, and he had it in his power to give the authorities proof of this."

"And you, Senhor Captain, who made use of us to enrich yourself, are about to desert us in the hour of danger. You would not have warned us, could you have helped it."

The Tapuyas muttered in hoarse tones. Juan drew out his machete.

"It is you who have been a traitor to our band, Senhor Captain. You shall not leave us now. Back to shore, comrades!"

Inez's heart bounded with joy as she heard Juan's order. With intense anxiety, she watched the effect of his words. In spite of Burleigh's manipulation of the rudder, a few dexterous paddle-strokes turned the head of the canoe toward the shore.

"To yonder vessel, Tapuyas!" cried Burleigh, his voice trembling with impotent rage.

"Back to shore!" cried Juan.

"Remember your oath, Tapuyas. I have gold—I will pay you well!"

"Back to shore!"

Ross Burleigh was resolved not to be foiled. He caught Inez in his arms, stood for an instant on the side of the montaria, and then sprang with her into the river. Laura Burleigh was wet with the spray, and the montaria rocked violently on the water. Supporting Inez with his left arm, and unheeding her terrified screams, he boldly struck out in the direction of the Gloria.

The Indians, amazed by this exhibition of reckless daring, seemed undecided whether to follow him or not.

An object, swimming from the shore, attracted their attention. It kept on Ross Burleigh's track.

"He is lost!" exclaimed Vincento. "The jacaré follows him!"

"The jacaré—the jacaré!" The other Tapuyas took up the cry.

Was it really an alligator? Leaning forward, Laura Burleigh strained her eyes to make out the pursuing object.

"That is not a jacaré," said Juan. "It is a man."

The correctness of the Tapuya's observation was proved soon after by the appearance of a man's head on the surface of the stream. He passed the boat, and kept steadily on Burleigh's track. His strokes were long and even. Evidently, he was an expert swimmer. He gained on Burleigh, who, encumbered as he was, could make but slow progress. The party in the montaria watched the chase with breathless interest. Laura Burleigh tried in vain to distinguish the features of the pursuer.

"Who can it be? Is it an Indian, Juan?" she asked.

Juan looked long and silently at the swimmer.

"It is a Tapuya, Antonio the Avenger."

Laura drew a breath of relief, and yet she was sorry that Ross had not killed him.

"He cannot overtake my brother, then. I have heard that Antonio is a weak old man."

Juan seldom showed any sign of emotion; but he chuckled at this assertion.

"He is not young. His strength is as iron and steel. He swims like a fish."

The space between him and Burleigh was rapidly decreasing.

Affection for her brother was not one of Laura Burleigh's characteristics; but she was not altogether deficient in that feeling. Probably under no circumstances would she have risked her life for him, yet she was willing to do all in her power to help him in his present necessity. How fearful his extremity was, she had already conjectured, for she was aware that her brother had wronged Antonio, and that the Indian had chosen this fitting opportunity for his vengeance.

"Antonio holds a machete between his teeth. He will kill the captain," said Vincento.

"Juan," said Laura, "you will save him?"

"He is a traitor to our band."

"That is untrue. I can prove to you that he was ignorant the police had found you out until this afternoon."

Juan shrugged his shoulders incredulously.

"It was I who told him. I discovered the full particulars of Calistro's treachery yesterday in Para."

"Why did he not warn us to-night?" broke in Vincento. "Why did he try to steal off without telling us?"

She knew that her brother would not have spoken at all of their betrayal to the police, had he not in his vengeful passion killed Calistro and been obliged to urge a stronger excuse than merely the attempted rescue of Inez, for the murder. He would not be displeased if, now that the game was up, all these accomplices in his acts of brigandage suffered any punishment that would close their lips forever as witnesses against him. She, therefore, evaded Vincento's questions.

"Inez de Vastro is with my brother. Save her, at least. Her father is rich and will reward you. Don't hesitate. There's no time to lose. If my brother is forced to fight in the water with Antonio, Inez will drown."

In making this appeal, she was solely actuated by the hope of saving Burleigh. He was necessary to her; Inez—though a good little creature—was not.

The Indians seemed to think the idea of saving Inez a good one; but Juan held out against them, and the montaria retained its position.

Antonio made the most headway; but Burleigh had the start by two hundred yards at least. Antonio, with his sweeping strokes, was nearing Burleigh, but Burleigh was also nearing the Gloria.

As yet Burleigh was unaware that he was pursued. Inez first saw the approaching Indian, and her half-stifled cry for help induced her captor to look round. Burleigh turned livid at sight of the hideous face.

Poor Inez! Fate seemed determined this day to drag her from scene to scene of horror and danger without intermission. Knowing that he was pursued, Burleigh redoubled his exertions. A moment before, death had seemed the most welcome of all things to Inez, but now, when every breath she drew might be her last, she clung to Burleigh with all her strength. Antonio the Avenger was behind—Nemesis was on his track. The thought of this made Ross Burleigh forget everything but self-preservation.

A boat shot from a part of the bank where the shadow of the forest lay darkest on the water, and took its way toward the Gloria.

Neither Burleigh, Inez, nor Antonio noticed it.

Burleigh's exertions began to tell on him. His breath came short; he could hear his pursuer splashing through the water.

Inez's weight seemed to become heavier, and to drag him down. He resolved to rid himself of her. Treading water, he used his hands to unclasp hers from his shoulder. He tore at her small, white hands rudely, frantically, but she still clung to his sleeve and the collar of his coat.

"Woman—she-devil!" he cried with a curse. "Would you drown me?"

She uttered a piercing, entreating shriek that thrilled wildly over the waters, and was lost amid a chorus of wilder echoes from the forest. Burleigh dealt her a blow with his fist. Raising her clasped hands to Heaven, she went down.

"Ha! ha!" screamed Antonio's voice, so near that Ross Burleigh's blood curdled in his veins at the sound. "Ha! Blood for blood! My turn has come at last!"

(To be continued in our next. Commenced in No. 30.)

### On the Scaffold.

The fortitude with which Mary, Queen of Scots, met death was something remarkable. She had evidently prepared her mind for the sad part she was to play, even costuming herself to suit the tragic scene. She wore a robe of black satin; her jacket was of black satin also, looped and slashed and trimmed with velvet. Her false hair was arranged with a coil, and over her head and falling down her back was a white veil of delicate lawn. A crucifix of gold hung from her neck. In her hand she held a crucifix of ivory, and a number of jewelled Paternosters were attached to her girdle. Attired thus, she mounted the scaffold, and listened calmly to the reading of her death-warrant; after it was ended, she quickly made her preparations for death. She laid her crucifix on a chair; her lawn veil was lifted carefully off, not to disturb her hair, and was hung upon the rail. The black robe was next removed. Below it was a petticoat of crimson velvet. The black jacket followed, and under the jacket was a body of crimson satin. One of her ladies handed her a pair of crimson sleeves, with which she hastily covered her arms; and thus she stood on the black scaffold, with the black figures all around her, blood red from head to foot, startling all beholders with her weird beauty. But when, some few minutes later, the executioner did his duty, and then raised the head, as usual, to show it to the crowd, the labored illusion had vanished. The coils and plaits of false hair had fallen off, and only the withered features of a grizzled, wrinkled old woman remained in the stead of that lady who had knelt before the block in the maturity of grace and loveliness.—*Froude.*

## THE PRAYER OF AGASSIZ.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

On the isle of Penikese,
Ringed about by sapphire seas,
Fanned by breezes salt and cool,
Stood the Master with his school.
Over sails that not in vain
Wooed the west wind's steady strain,
Line of coast that low and far
Stretched its undulating bar,
Wings aslant along the rim
Of the waves they stooped to skim,
Rock and isle and glistening bay,
Fell the beautiful white day.

Said the Master to the youth:
"We have come in search of truth,
Trying with uncertain key
Door by door of mystery;
We are reaching, through His laws,
To the garment-hem of Cause,
Him the endless, unbegun,
The Unnamable, the One,
Light of all our light the Source,
Life of life, and Force of force.
As with fingers of the blind
We are groping here to find
What the hieroglyphics mean
Of the Unseen in the seen,
What the Thought which underlies
Nature's masking and disguise,
What it is that hides beneath
Blight and bloom and birth and death.
By past efforts unavailing,
Doubt and error, loss and failing,
Of our weakness made aware,
On the threshold of our task
Let us light and guidance ask,
Let us pause in silent prayer!"

Then the Master in his place
Bowed his head a little space,
And the leaves by soft airs stirred,
Lapse of wave and cry of bird
Left the solemn hush unbroken
Of that wordless prayer unspoken,
While its wish, on earth, unsaid,
Rose to Heaven interpreted.
As, in life's best hours, we hear
By the spirit's finer ear
His low voice within us, thus
The All-Father heareth us;
And His holy ear we pain
With our noisy words and vain.
Not for Him our violence
Storming at the gates of sense,
His the primal language, His
The eternal silences!
Even the careless heart was moved,
And the doubting gave consent,
With a gesture reverent,
To the Master well-beloved.
As thin mists are glorified
By the light they cannot hide,
All who gazed upon him saw,
Through its veil of tender awe,
How his face was still uplift
By the old sweet look of it,
Hopeful, trustful, full of cheer,
And the love that casts out fear.
Who the secret may declare
Of that brief, unuttered prayer?
Did the shade before him come
Of th' inevitable doom,
Of the end of earth so near,
And Eternity's new year?

In the lap of sheltering seas
Rests the isle of Penikese;
But the lord of the domain
Comes not to his own again:
Where the eyes that fol ow fail,
On a vaster sea his sail
Drifts beyond our beck and hail!
Other lips within its bound
Shall the laws of life expound;
Other eyes from rock and shell
Read the world's old riddles well;
But when breezes light and bland
Blow from summer's blossomed land,
When the air is glad with wings
And the blithe song-sparrow sings,
Many an eye with his still face
Shall the living ones displace,
Many an ear the word shall seek
He alone could fitly speak.
And one name for evermore
Shall be uttered o'er and o'er
By the waves that kiss the shore,
By the curlew's whistle sent
Down the cool, sea-scented air;
In all voices known to her
Nature own her worshipper,
Half in triumph, half lament,
Thither Love shall tearful turn,
Friendship pause uncovered there,
And the wisest reverence learn
From the Master's silent prayer.

—*Christian Union.*

# DAVY CROCKETT ON THE TRACK;

OR,

## The Cave of the Counterfeiters.

BY FRANK CARROLL,

AUTHOR OF "THE HEIR OF GLENDALE," "JOHN PASSMORE'S PLOT," ETC.

### CHAPTER XXII.

CROCKETT'S MYSTERY.

It was truly a terrible situation in which Crockett and his companions found themselves.

Shrouded in intensest darkness, ignorant of the passage leading outward through all the chambers and avenues of that interminable cavern, surrounded by desperate and merciless foes, it was indeed a position to test the heart of the most courageous, the nerves of the coolest.

But crouching there, clasping their knives in straining fingers, fearing and preparing against an attack from their foes, all the considerations of their danger did not occur to them. Their whole natures were now on guard against the human foes, who might be stealthily approaching to destroy them.

But their leaders, Crockett and Gordon, looked deeper into the complexion of affairs. Placing themselves mentally in the position of their enemies, they perceived that it was not the policy of these men to dare by a personal attack the desperation of unseen, crouching, armed foes.

Neither would it be to the advantage of these foes to fire upon their supposed position, with the hope of wounding or slaying them in the dark.

The flash of rifles would reveal their own positions, the hunters were similarly armed, and among them was the renowned Davy Crockett, famed for the quickness and unerringness of his aim.

Any attack would be to their disadvantage. But their foemen were plunged in unutterable darkness, in the depths of an unknown and intricate cave. The chances were very greatly against their ever being able to extricate themselves. It would be the safest and surest plan to leave them to perish miserably for their own temerity.

So Crockett reasoned to himself, arguing out, point by point, an assumed case. His reasoning ended in the conviction that their enemies had already withdrawn from the chamber, leaving them to their probable terrible punishment for having ventured to invade this well-concealed hiding-place.

It was not alone on his self-communing that he depended for this conclusion. His trained senses had been acutely exercised during this vigil. Faint sounds, significant to him of a movement among his foes, had reached his acute hearing. Not until these sounds had for some time ceased did he speak.

"How is it, lads?" he asked in a whisper. "Any snags?"

"No," was the reply from several of the men.

"Hold hard a minute then, and keep your eyes skinned, I'm going to run a bit of a risk. Don't let a corner of the cave escape you."

A moment after there was a quick, sharp flash that, for an instant, lit up the chamber with the brightness of sunlight, every soft curve and sparkling line of the stalactitic walls shining prominently out.

It revealed the speaker, standing erect in the centre of the cave, where he had just ignited a small quantity of gunpowder with the flash in the pan from his rifle. He had hastily drawn the load before speaking, to prevent a report.

The others had obeyed his injunctions and glanced hastily round the chamber during the instantaneous illumination.

Not a man beyond their own party was in sight. Their foes had disappeared.

"Just as I expected," spoke the voice of Crockett, from the darkness, after he had elicited this information. "I knowed the wolf-livered rascals daren't come to the tug with us. They think we'll never git out of this, or if we do that they can pick us off as soon as we strike the edge of the daylight. I'll bet they're in ambushment ahead, waiting to see if we're like to show our noses."

"Which there don't seem much chance of our doing," said Baldwin. "We're in a mighty tight box. It's an awful business, man. Can we ever escape from this terrible situation?"

This question sent a wave of horror thrilling through the souls of all present, as the real peril of their position rushed in all its soul-thrilling significance across their minds. Of all, at least, with the exception of their leader, who took it upon himself to answer the question.

"There's one little p'int they left out in their calculations," he said. "They forgot that Davy Crockett was along. There's a neat motto which I sometimes use, which maybe some of you can recollect."

"Be always sure you're right, then go ahead," said one of the men.

"Just so. That's the rule of logic I go by, and I never found it yit to go back on me. Now do you s'pose I come into this tarnal hole without being sartain I was right?"

"You could not have prepared for such a chance as this," said Gordon.

"We'll see if I weren't ready for everything," was the reply. "It's a long and a slow path we've got to follow, lads, but if I don't lead you straight to daylight, then say that old Davy never shot a bar and never treed a coon. You can't see me but you can hear me, and I want you to follow my voice."

It was indeed as he said, a slow progress. Step by step, foot by foot, they proceeded, minutes seeming to pass between every footstep, not a step being taken until his voice in the advance directed them onward.

In the narrow passages, whose direction they could tell by feeling the walls, they moved more rapidly. But across the large chambers their progress was extremely slow. It was by no process of feeling the walls that he led them onward. Straight across the middle of the floors he passed, yet, to their infinite surprise, never failed to strike the avenue on the opposite side.

They could not repress their astonishment at a sagacity that seemed the result of magic, rather than of ordinary human intelligence. Crockett was questioned as to how he produced this marvellous result, but he only answered:

"Jist keep your eyes skinned, and a sharp lookout for snags. This is my part of the job. But I don't know what devilry them hounds mought be up to, and I only want you all to keep wide awake."

For a full hour, which seemed almost a day to those engaged in it, they kept on, following blindly the directing voice of their leader, with a hope, that was rapidly becoming assurance, of delivery.

His encouraging words had long since dispelled their fears. They well knew that he would make no promises of whose performance he doubted. The apparently intuitive correctness with which he threaded the utter darkness, and entered, by the shortest paths, the successive avenues, gave them security in his leadership. He could not be going astray in all this long route.

It may well be imagined then that their depression changed to eagerness and intensity of nervous excitement as the minutes passed, and his voice still drew them onward with unchanging assurance.

Suddenly, in a loud whisper, that went like a shout of joy through their hearts, he exclaimed:

"I smell daylight, boys. There it glimmers ahead about as much as you would see two hours afore sunrise. But it's coming for us, sure."

And, indeed, as they pressed eagerly forward toward this voice in the darkness they could see too that the gloom ahead had less of the intense and terrible blackness of that they had passed through.

A slight, a very slight grayness softened its intensity, and gave their hearts as deep a joy as though they had, that instant, seen the midday sun.

"Hist! Now, lads, be still as death," said Davy, in the same whisper, repressing the joyous exclamations which some of them felt inclined to give. "There's danger ahead, and we've got to toe the line mighty cautious. If there's an ambushment it'll be in some of these caves, where there's jist light enough in the middle for them to see to shoot, and ain't light enough on the sides for us to shoot back. There's so many curves and hollows where they can find cover. S'pose I go ahead and scout a bit, and leave you to follow on my signal."

"No, no, Davy," said Gordon. "We don't intend that you shall bear all the peril. If there is danger we'll take it share and share alike."

"Why bless your innocent heart, Ned, do you s'pose I'm going to let these devils sarcumvent me? I had my eye-teeth out several years ago, boy. If I run afoul of any of them it won't be me that's surprised; you can go your figure on that. Nor it won't be me that's hurt either."

He led slowly on across the next chamber. It was a wide one, and was succeeded by an avenue of considerable length.

Entering this somewhat winding passage they had not reached its termination ere they saw, in unmistakable strength, the light which had been slowly growing upon their eyes. The chamber in advance was dimly illuminated by the reflected impress of the distant sunshine, a faint light crossing the middle of the floor that had almost the lustre of the full day to their eyes, so long oppressed with the intense darkness.

The sides of the chamber still lay enshrouded in unfathomable shadow.

"Hist, now," whispered Davy. "This is our worst p'int. Hold hard here while I try if it's got any varmints. If you hear a cricket you can pile on. Don't stir till you're wanted."

The hunter had stooped while speaking, and, to their astonishment, they saw that he was drawing on his boots. Had he traversed the caverns in his bare feet? It certainly looked as if he had, though their utmost power of conjecture could not reach a reason why.

Indeed the whole mode of their escape was a deep mystery to them. It seemed as if an instinct must have guided the hunter, and their admiration for him rose to tenfold proportions as they thought over the strange circumstance of their escape. Had his feet replaced his eyes? Could he have, in some new power of the senses, have felt his way out?

While such thoughts were occupying their minds, gladdened with the assurance of a release from their deadly peril, the scout had gone forward and disappeared in the shadows that lay deep upon the walls of the succeeding chamber.

For the next fifteen minutes all was still as death. His search was made with such caution that not a sound arose to indicate that he was moving over an unknown rocky floor, on which a less experienced man would have stumbled a dozen times.

At the end of that interval a cheerful chirp of a cricket came to their ears from the opposite side of the chamber.

Instantly they obeyed the signal, with an eager desire to break the long-enforced rest and silence, which had weighed heavily upon them.

"All clear here," said Davy, as they approached where he stood, fully revealed, in the stronger light that flowed in through a wide passage. "This was, to my notion, the most dangerous p'int. Howsomever, we've got to pass another opening that's kind of dark at the sides, and they mought have picked on that as their ambushment. It's getting to be my notion, though, that they're afeard we're too strong for them. You see there's only about four sound men left in their party, while we've got a dozen. I s'pose, too, that they fancy we're caged for good. They played us a cute trick, but if anybody's sold it ain't D. Crockett and Company. We're three coonskins ahead of their rabbit-hide. I've a reckoning that they've been to their front door and have seed the darks on guard, and that they'll be for gathering up their traps and stepping out after sundown."

"You are very likely right," said Gordon. "But we had best reach daylight before we build too high on our chances."

"Let's go for it then. If we get through the next room without hearing the whizz of a bullet, we can snap our fingers at them. Fact is, I don't value the whole party now the toss of a copper penny."

Leading on cautiously the next apartment was entered. It proved to be that in which Ned Gordon had held his conference with Henderson; the second chamber of the cave.

They passed it safely, and, with a few steps further, emerged in the ante-chamber of that long and wonderful range of cavernous apartments, in which they had met with such surprises and passed so many perils.

The light of day rushed in at the open passage, dulled somewhat in its entrance, but almost blinding in its radiance to their long unaccustomed eyes.

All the joy of prisoners escaped from deadly durance was theirs. They laughed, shouted, shook hands, and gave a dozen exhibitions of reaction from their long nervous strain, and of the excess of joy which had taken its place. All the coolness of the old hunter was gone, and the gleefulness of children took its place.

"You're kinder glad to git out, I reckon," said Crockett, who shared none of this emotion. "Well, lads, I don't blame you. It were a durned tight squeeze. Here's the dog now, that has stuck to my legs like a leech, as if the old hound were afeard. He's jist as glad as any human of you all."

"You are a man of your word, Davy," said Baldwin. "But I won't be settled in my mind till you tell us how you managed it. If you had Whirlwind's nose, and could smell your way out, you couldn't have come straighter."

The others joined eagerly in this request, anxious for an explanation of the mystery that had so completely puzzled them.

"Well, boys," said the hunter, with a good-humored smile, as he leaned upon his rifle and looked into the circle of eager faces—"I reckoned as you'd have seen into it long ago. It's an old trick and a simple one, but it has sartainly turned out a good one. Maybe you disremember the clicking and dropping which you heerd when we were away back yonder?"

"I remember it well," said Baldwin, "but did not dream that you had anything to do with it. You couldn't tell us then what it was. I suppose you are going to now."

"You see I never went out for a shot without a spare bullet, and an extra charge in my powder flask. When I were a little coon of a boy, and went shooting arrows at the birds, I always carried two strings to my bow. Now I knowed there was always danger of our lights going back on us, so I took care to have my second string."

"What was it?" asked Gordon, looking keenly round for a solution to the mystery.

The hunter smiled and stooped to the floor of the cave, from which he picked up a few small pebbles that lay there.

"That's the secret," said he, displaying these stones. "You see, boys, I'm always sure I'm right afore I go ahead."

Gordon gazed along the floor of the cave, and the character of the secret at once flashed upon him.

"I can't see it," said Baldwin, who proved more obtuse. "What have those bits of pebbles to do with it?"

"They served as our clue through this natural labyrinth," said Gordon.

"I don't quite catch that last word, Ned," replied the hunter, "but the fact is, when I went out the front-door jist afore we started, I filled both pockets with gravel, out of a little heap in the run there. I kept dropping it as we went in, and when it was all gone I took the notion that we were about fur enough in. Now do you see how I come so straight out?"

"Yes, till the lights were gone," said Baldwin, as the idea broke upon him. "You can't see even pebbles in the dark, so it ain't quite plain to me yet."

"A fellow can feel where he can't see, Ben. I took off my boots and went it barefooted. It were rough work, but my travelling agents is well fixed with hide, and I jist felt out the pebbles with toes and heels, till I could see our way out with the bottom of my feet."

This brief explanation brought the whole mystery into a luminous light before their eyes. The hunter had re-discovered the secret of the labyrinth, and with some handfuls of pebbles had defeated the well-laid plans of his enemies, making a path through their entire route which had led them out of all the dangers of their daring exploration.

Their congratulations upon his skill were profuse. They seemed distasteful to him, and he escaped from them, saying—

"I'm for sunlight. Who's with me? I want to see our guard and find if there's any fun stirring. I bet they didn't get out that way without a punch from a pitch-fork."

Wading into the stream, they were soon through the thicket and in the open woods again. But no guard was in sight. The blacks had either deserted their post, or had been led off in pursuit of the escaping outlaws.

After loooking round for a few minutes one of them was seen reclining under the trees, a short distance off, the sun beaming hotly upon him, and he, notwithstanding this, locked in the profoundest slumber.

### CHAPTER XXIII.

A CLOSE CHASE.

But we must return to the exciting chase in which we left the two boats engaged upon the broad bosom of the Mississippi.

Rob had sunk beneath the dark surface of the waters, and Maggie, with a cry of utter despair, flew to the side of the yacht, and would have flung herself headlong into the water had she not been caught and restrained by the arm of Gillespie.

Powerful man as he was it needed all his strength to hold the struggling girl, who was maddened with excitement and intense feeling.

The yacht had swung round at the instant of Rob's fall, and was now heading up stream, and gathering speed as the fresh breeze filled her close-drawn sail.

They were rapidly leaving the spot where her lover had disappeared, and with eyes distended with fear, and lips trembling with agony, she hung upon the arm of her captor, gazing across the widening stretch of water.

For seconds that seemed hours he remained covered by the stream. Then his head emerged from the surface at some distance from the point at which he had fallen, and he struck out lustily for the boat.

A momentary confusion in the Dart had succeeded the stratagem of their foes. She was brought round, however, and put under control of the helm, at the instant of Rob's emergence from the stream.

He had apparently swam under the water, or had been carried down by the current, and rose again at but a short distance from the Dart.

But a few minutes were lost in reaching him and drawing him into the boat, but these few minutes had given the yacht a dangerous start. By the time the Dart could be laid upon her track she was more than a hundred yards distant, and rapidly cutting through the yielding waters.

The Dart was quickly brought round head to the wind, the sail close drawn, and she commenced to cut through the yielding waters on the return track, being held to the wind till the leeward side seemed about to dip under the waves.

With a fierce bound she went forward, plunging as she met the waves raised by the freshening breeze, and dashing the water from stem to stern with each successive plunge.

The yacht, with sail and jib taut as a drum, was dashing onward in advance, with a good start, and ploughing the current at a speed that spoke well for her chances in the chase.

The tack they were on was the long one, passing close by the point made by the bend in the stream, and striking the western shore a half mile beyond this point.

This stretch would test the sailing capacities of the two vessels, and settle the question as to whether the Dart was a match for her antagonist when sailing thus in the teeth of the wind.

The heavier rig of the larger vessel gave her an advantage in the stiff breeze blowing, and though the crew of the Dart made every effort, by wetting the sail, and by hugging the wind till the whole party were forced to seat themselves on the windward gunwale to keep her from going over, still it soon became evident that they were being distanced in the race. If the wind held as it was the fugitive would escape them. If it would only fall they might retrieve their lost ground, a light breeze being the best sailing wind of the Dart.

Gillespie, having apparently disposed of his prisoner, came aft and stood looking back with a mocking smile at his discomfited pursuers.

Rob's lips grew white with rage at this insolent bravado. He reached for his rifle, which lay in the bottom of the boat, saying excitedly to the steersman:

"Ease her up a bit. If I don't put a bullet through that villain, it will be because luck helps the devil's sons."

The boat's head fell off in obedience to his desire, and she righted a little, presenting a steadier footing.

Gillespie still stood at the stern of the yacht, now some hundred and twenty yards distant, looking back and making derisive gestures.

Suddenly he was confronted by the form of the injured lover.

With compressed lips Rob had sprung to his feet, and in an instant the rifle was at his shoulder and his finger on the trigger. It was almost a hopeless effort, at that distance, and with his unsteady footing, to hope to punish the insolence of his foe by a successful shot.

All his hope lay in that quickness of aim for which the hunters of the West are noted.

An instant lost in aiming would inevitably send his bullet wide of the mark. But Rob Gordon's nerves were now of iron—his eye as true and quick as the glance of the falcon.

The rifle had but touched his shoulder when sure and deadly aim was taken, and his finger pressed the trigger.

Then would the insulting villain, who had turned aside at that instant and failed to perceive his peril, have paid for his crime and his temerity with his life, but for an unforeseen accident.

The rifle was flint-lock, still used at that period by many of the western hunters, and some drops of the dashing water had penetrated the pan, wetting the powder.

Instead of the expected discharge, there was but a spark, as the flint struck uselessly on the steel of the lock. With a fierce exclamation Rob dashed the wet powder from the pan, and replaced it from his flask.

But he was too late. Gillespie had seen the peril in which he stood, and hastily stepped down from his conspicuous position, remembering vividly as he did the unerring marksmanship of his antagonist at the shooting match.

Rob flung the rifle down with a bitter impulse of anger, reseating himself upon the gunwale of the boat.

Her head was again brought to the wind, and the chase recommenced. But the temporary diversion had still further increased the distance between the two boats, and at their separate rates of speed, there seemed little hope of successful pursuit.

The great river was not at that date plowed up as it is now by myriad craft of all kinds and dimensions. The steamboat was just becoming familiar to these waters, and the vessels that glided between its wooded banks were not usually remarkable for speed. The slow-floating flat-boat was, as yet, the type of western navigation.

This chase then proceeded without the chance arising of the pursuers calling any other vessel to their assistance, and the shores in sight presented no trace of human habitation.

There might be a chance by signalling for aid when near Brownstown, of having the fugitive intercepted. But the great majority of the inhabitants of that classic locality were of a kind that would rather aid than hinder the crew of the yacht in their villainous purpose.

Besides, night was rapidly approaching, and would be upon them in half an hour. The afternoon had been consumed in the incidents we have narrated, and the sun was now but little above the western horizon.

Hope almost died out in the heart of the lover as these discouraging indications, one by one, rose before him. To see her he loved torn from him by a villain, borne away before his very eyes, while, slowly but surely, his enemy distanced him in the pursuit, was a sad end to the hopes of the ardent lover. His heart beat with agonized excitement as he sat in mingled rage and grief, looking sadly at the swift vessel that was bearing off her he loved in his despite.

"Could nothing else be done? Was there no expedient not yet tried?" he asked despairingly.

The boatman shook his head, and sat unmoved, with his eye on the chase, his hand on the helm.

"There's a ghost of a chance," he said, speaking deliberately, and slowly chewing his quid, as the yacht, approaching too near the western shore, fell off on the other tack, and began to plow the water in a stretch almost directly across the river.

"What is that?" asked Rob, eagerly.

"Can't you see!" said Tom. "It's as plain as the nose on your face."

Rob looked critically forward, and at a glance their meaning dawned upon him.

Though the yacht had proved the faster sailer, the Dart had surpassed her in another quality, that of sailing close to the wind, and it was yet doubtful if the latter quality would not overbalance the former.

Its result was that when the yacht was forced to tack from her close approach to the western bank, the Dart had gained a position considerably distant from this bank, and was sailing in a course that would take her across that now pursued by the yacht.

This had been the object of the boatman, and the question was now narrowed to that of which would reach this critical point first.

Rapidly they approached, and so equally were the chances divided that it was impossible to decide where the advantage lay.

Tom crept up in the bow of the Dart, grasping a long boat-hook with which he hoped to clasp the two boats should they approach sufficiently close. As for the crew of the yacht, they were invisible. Her bulwarks were high enough to conceal their forms if prostrate upon the deck.

In fact, as the boats approached, they could be seen lifted just sufficiently for their eyes to glance over the top of the bulwark. They evidently had a wholesome dread of Rob Gordon's ready rifle.

But a few moments elapsed ere they were in close propinquity, but these were moments of intense excitement to Rob Gordon, who sat in a crouching attitude, like a tiger ready for the leap. If he should reach the deck of the yacht again, he would not be so easily disposed of. It would be a struggle of life and death between himself and his foe.

He had never once thought of his dripping condition, never felt a shiver of cold as the wind rushed through his wet clothes. Still less did he now. Though he had been encased in ice, his intensely-excited mind would have driven off all consciousness of his body.

The waters heaped in eddying pools around their prows as they seemed about to meet in mid career. Tom stood ready with his boat-hook as they came almost together.

But at this critical instant an extra force was applied to the helm of the yacht. She slightly changed her course, hugging the wind more closely, and she leaped past the Dart, careening till the water dashed her deck, and till her crew were plainly revealed, bringing their weight upon the weather bulwarks.

Tom flung out his boat-hook, but he could as easily have stopped the wind. It caught near the stern of the yacht, and was pulled out of his hands as though no one had held it, nearly dragging him overboard by its sudden jerk.

"Just the dodge I reckoned they were up to," said the helmsman. "A mighty close shave, but they had an inch the best of us. No matter, we'll try them again on the next tack and see if we can't head them off. We can make three hundred yards yet before we need to go about."

But Rob Gordon was past encouragement. He had felt a strong hope of success in this last endeavor, and the disappointment was a bitter one to him. He now, too, began to feel the cooling effect of the wind upon his wet clothes, and his mental depression was equalled by the physical distress that now affected him.

His hopelessness was well-founded. The yacht passed them at a greater interval than before. It was now almost dark, and the long stretch she was now on would carry her into the darkness, and much aid her efforts to escape pursuit.

"There's no use," said the boatman, disconsolately. "We'll have to give it up. It ain't in the Dart to overhaul her on this wind."

"I fear not," said Rob, gloomily.

"But if we can't catch them by water we can follow them by land," said Tom. "A party of old hunters and water dogs like us ain't a-going to be sold out by such a set of gal-stealers as this."

"And if you kept them in sight from the shore, how are you going to reach them on the water?" asked the boatman. "If you've got a plan of operations let's hear it."

"It's my notion," answered Tom, "that the boat yander don't belong to that feller alone, nor that it wasn't waiting where we seen it jest to take him off. I reckon as something else were in the wind. It's likely that the gang that this feller belongs to owns the boat."

"And what then?" asked Rob, lifting his head with renewed interest.

"Only that it's my notion that the boat was waiting there to take them off, if they got into any trouble."

"And you think it will return to the same anchoring ground?"

"That's jest what I do."

"There may be something in this," said Rob, thoughtfully.

"You bet there is," said the boatman. "It's the only open chance I see, and we're not straight men if we let it go by."

"How shall we manage then?" asked Rob, too nervous to be able to plan anything himself.

"We will land at the town and dry you in the first place. You want a good roasting before you will be worth shucks again. Then I'll take the Dart, with one or two more, and creep up the shore to the p'int you speak of. The rest of you can go by land. If the yacht's there, I'll take you off, and we'll try to creep on her unbeknowns."

"And how will we know what's found out?" asked Tom.

"There's a landing by a big beech tree a trifle this side of the spot," said the boatman. "A whippoorwill's call will be the signal. If either party finds them it can give the call, and we'll come down on them like vengeance."

The landing was speedily made at the village, and the whole party proceeded ashore to refresh themselves and prepare for their expedition.

About ten o'clock the moon rose, half-veiled by driving clouds, but throwing a dim lustre over the broad surface of the river, and penetrating in stray lines of silver its forest shores.

A short time more and they were fairly on the way, the Dart creeping along the shore—the wind having now greatly subsided—and the land party striking boldly through the wood toward their objective point.

(*To be continued in our next. Commenced in No. 10.*)

## THE CENTENNIAL BUILDING.

[Washington Correspondence of the Springfield Republican.]

It is proposed to erect a building covering thirty acres, and yet so devised that more than half of it is visible from the centre at once—an effect made evident to the eye by a pink and white cambric map wherein the lobster-like pink projections represent the visible area. Outside this vast building is a great parallelogram; inside it is broken up into innumerable arches joining on every hand in immense pillars sixty feet square, and such is the arrangement of the roof, in small domes, that each of these pillars encloses an open space reaching up to the sky itself, bright with grass and flowers and musical fountains. Yet the area is so immense that these enclosed courts appear only like ordinary pillars. The general plan is of aisles radiating from an elliptical centre, crossed by other aisles encircling this same centre.

The outside of the whole building measures 1,876 feet, the open space inside 1,776 feet. Outside, there are domes and cupolas, projections and embrasures, and, crowning all, a dome of such singular construction that you forget it is 500 feet high, and notice only that, instead of following the ordinary plan of domes and settling down upon the building with an immense base too suggestive of solidity to hint of grace, this one is contracted at the bottom, a sort of an irregularly-shaped octagonal globe resting upon one of its sides and supported by pillars which seem to bind it to the building beneath. You think of a solidified balloon, and then you think it is much prettier than that would be. You are thankful for the variety, at least; you are speedily in love with this variation, and you are amazed to be told that the Capitol dome might mount upon itself and still pear upward unavailingly to the crown of this aspiring summit.

You may easily exhaust one after another the whole round of favorable adjectives in describing this building, and find the last circumscribed and unsatisfactory. It is a triumphant combination of magnificence and practicality as unexpected as it is satisfactory. The wonder of it lies in the fact that it is a temporary building; that an architectural pile which is the growth of ages past or the pet of future centuries should be all that art and money can combine to make it is no great marvel. That this structure neither equals nor resembles the world-famous and time-defying architectural standards is an evidence of its fitness to its purpose; moreover, it is American sense, and it deserves the commendation of the people of America. Dr. William Carpenter has somewhere called common sense the resultant of the whole previous action of our minds. Perhaps this building might be called solidified American common sense—the resultant of all the variety of inside force and outside circumstance that for a hundred years has moulded our country into what it is.

## THE MURDERERS OF LONDON.

The following singular letter, signed "A Retired Murderer," was forwarded to the editor of the Pall Mall Gazette: "You were good enough on a former occasion to permit me through your columns to protest against a practice indulged in by young and inexperienced murderers of hacking and mutilating the remains of their victims, and thus naturally exciting in the breasts of the public a disgust not generally awakened by a simple assassination artistically effected without undue violence, and with a proper regard for the feelings of the survivors. I venture, therefore, on behalf of a growing and important class—the murderers of London, in whose reputation I shall ever feel the deepest interest, having spent some of the happiest days of my life in their society—to trespass again on your kindness, while I beg the public to believe they have no hand whatever in a practice which, it appears, from certain remarks made by Dr. Lankester at an inquest held by him on Monday, prevails in the neighborhood of the Regent's canal, of taking out of that convenient receptacle the bodies of murdered persons or suicides, robbing them, and depositing them again in the water. A more contemptible form of crime cannot be conceived than the system referred to; and I would implore the public to believe that no murderer worthy of the name would so far demean himself as to rob the remains of one in whose removal to a better world he had borne a part. So far from the London murderers, as a rule, approving this practice, they would, I feel assured, willingly lend the police (whom they admire, and for whom, indeed, they are beginning to feel a sincere affection) every assistance in bringing to justice the low scoundrels who thus disgrace the criminal classes. I need only point to the neat and peaceful manner in which babies are now dispatched, and their bodies (packed in lime) deposited under the very noses of the police, to prove that murderers not only know how to perform disagreeable duties in an orderly fashion, but that there is an openness in their proceedings that speaks volumes for their nature."

Edwin Booth has filed, in the United States District Court, his voluntary petition in bankruptcy. The following are among Mr. Booth's heaviest creditors: Estate of Oakes Ames, $100,000; R. A. Robertson, $33,800; Second National Bank of New York, $3,000; Mary Francis Booth, $3,500; Clark Bell, $10,000; Security Bank of New York, $2,900; J. M. McGonegal, $251 30; Richard A. Robertson, $21,135 12. The foregoing creditors are secured, with the exception of the estate of Oakes Ames. "Liabilities on bills on discount, which ought to be paid by the acceptors," $67,314; notes to the amount of $33,000, which were notes of R. A. Robertson, discounted for Mr. Booth by the Manufacturers' and Merchants' Bank of this city; accommodation notes held by the Second National Bank of this city, $30,000. These notes were loaned by Mr. Robertson to Mr. Booth, and were discounted for him. In his schedule of personal property, Mr. Booth says that he has no household goods or furniture; that he estimates the jewellery worn on his person at $200; that the value of his books and pictures is about $2,305, and that he has other personal property to the value of about $3,450.

# PALE SYLVIA.

BY KATE PUTNAM OSGOOD.

She was not pale Sylvia when this story of hers begins. She had a color that would have been at once the delight and the despair of a painter. Ray Croydon, who was a painter every inch, if an unsuccessful one, used to say that her cheek was like nothing but a velvet rose-leaf against the light; and, making allowance for a lover's exaggeration, his simile was not far out of the way.

For Ray was her lover; not quite her betrothed, for, though Sylvia consented, her father refused, and Sylvia would not disobey him even for Ray's sake. "I cannot bind myself to marry you against my father's will," she said. "I can only promise never to marry any other, and, if you care enough for me to wait, you must be content with that."

Ray did care, quite enough, and was content—perforce.

It was not that Colonel Darchester disliked Ray; on the contrary, the young fellow was a favorite with him. If only he had been Fortune's favorite, too! For the colonel, himself a poor man, would not give to another yet poorer his only child, the very apple of his eye. But, if a prudent father, he was a kind one, too, and set his requirements at the very lowest mark consistent with any degree of worldly wisdom. "Let Ray show me that he is sure of bread-and-cheese, and I will provide the wedding-cake," he said, pinching Sylvia's cheek, the rose-leaf cheek, as lovely in his eyes as in those of her lover himself.

If one could but draw on the bank of ambition, and parcel out colored canvas into so many yards of bank-notes, it would not have been long to wait. Ray painted and dreamed of great things in the future, and forgot how, meanwhile, the present was slipping away, day by day, till all at once he bethought himself that a year had passed since Colonel Darchester's ultimatum had been spoken. A whole year! And what had he to show for it that would bring Sylvia any the nearer? The conviction suddenly struck cold to his heart that he should never win her thus. "The choice is between Sylvia and fame," he said to himself—it is so natural for every young aspirant to believe that fame is his for the choosing! The brush dropped from his fingers, he bent his face in his hands, and kept it hidden there for many moments. When he raised it again it was very pale, and almost stern; yet it was kindled by some steady, inner light. "I choose Sylvia!" he said. He pushed his palette aside, and, with one brief, reluctant glance at the unfinished canvas, turned it to the wall. Then he left the studio, and went straight to a merchant, an old friend of his father's.

"You offered me a place in China the other day," he said abruptly; "if you will give it to me now, I will take it."

So the thing was done. Colonel Darchester, on learning it, applauded the young man's resolution. "China is a long look ahead; but, at the worst, it is nearer than the studio—no offence to you, Ray," he said, with a smile.

And Sylvia? Ah, to Sylvia it seemed indeed a long, long outlook. In spite of all that hung on the journey, she could almost have wished that Ray had remained in the studio, where he would not, at least, have been lost to sight and hearing; the present might be wasted time, perhaps, but it was very sweet to her, and she had more faith than Ray in the future's chances. But, of all this, she breathed not a word to him; and when, holding her hands, and searching her face for some comfort, he said, "Sylvia, I shall come back to claim you in a year or two—you will wait for me till then?" it was with a smile that she answered—

"Come back in one year or twenty, Ray, you will find me as you left me. I will never be the wife of any other."

And, with that, the last good-bye was said, and Ray Croydon sailed in search of the fortune he fancied was waiting for him on the other side of the world. And, on this side, everything went on the same. Ray was gone, to be sure; but did the sun rise and set any the less for that? did the butcher and the baker forget to come, or people cease to eat and drink, because an unsuccessful artist had turned his canvases to the wall, and, for love's sake, abandoned all he loved? No, nobody fasted for Ray, nobody, perhaps, after a little, remembered even that there was a Ray to fast for—nobody but Sylvia.

As for Colonel Darchester, he assuredly did not fast. He was sorry for the young man; but, to tell the truth, he was not sorry to have him gone. He had listened with a quiet smile, half-pitying, half-amused, to Ray's talk of "a year or two;" for, being considerably older, and a good deal wiser, he realized better all that a China-made fortune meant. "It will give Sylvia a chance," he said to himself. "Long before Ray finds his apple ripe for picking, they will both have forgotten this childish nonsense." To be sure, the colonel did not know of Sylvia's parting pledge; but, had he known, it is to be feared he would not have made much account of it. He had faith enough in Sylvia, but not in her age. How was eighteen to know its own heart?

One makes allowances for friends in another hemisphere; but, still, one does expect to hear from them finally. But, from the time when Ray Croydon said his good-bye to her, Sylvia never had a word from him—never one word, although she heard casually, from other sources, that he had arrived safely, and entered on the post assigned him. That was all; little enough—yet, but for that, he might have been lost, dead, for anything Sylvia knew. It was all; but, coupled with his silence, it was more than enough. Yet, whatever of wonder, of doubt or pain, might have been in Sylvia's heart, she breathed it to no mortal ear. Only, after awhile, she ceased to write those poor little letters where so much love and trust had been wasted, and silently banished all token of him from the daily life. It was no part of her father's purpose to recall him, so Ray's name was never spoken, now, between those two, to whom it had been as familiar as each other's.

But one day Colonel Darchester came home with a preoccupied, troubled air. His eyes followed Sylvia with a wistful glance, that shunned while seeking hers. She looked up, and, meeting her father's gaze, came and stood beside him, laying her hand on his shoulder—

"You have something to tell me of Ray Croydon, father," she said, in a low voice.

How had she read his secret, he wondered, as he looked up fondly in the face bending over him—such a transparent face as it looked in the flickering firelight! Why had he never seen the change before? A sudden pang of dread changed the current of his thoughts. Was this his blush-rose—as that unpractical young artist had called her in the foolish, by-gone time? Ah, but was it wholly by-gone? Could it be that all this while Sylvia had kept it in her heart that her silence had not meant indifference? The pressure of Sylvia's fingers recalled him from his revery; hesitatingly, in this new fear, he told his news.

It was not such as would admit of much preparation; simply that Ray Croydon was gone—why, or where, no one knew or could discover; there was the bare fact, and nothing beyond.

Sylvia heard it with a calmness that, but a little before, would have satisfied her father; but now an anxiety had arisen in his mind which would have its way. By and by he returned to the subject.

"Sylvia," he said, abruptly, "it is more than two years since—since all that happened."

Sylvia bowed her head, but made no other answer.

"Two years is a long time," continued her father, "especially at your age. My child, I cannot be with you always. If I could know that there was some one to take my place when I am gone." Still Sylvia did not speak, and he resumed: "You know whom I mean. Sylvia, you know that John Hastings wants you for his wife, and that I would gladly give you to him; for, apart from his fortune and position, he is all that I could desire for your husband."

"Do not ask me, father!" cried Sylvia, breaking, in a moment, from that deceitful calm. "If Ray Croydon is dead, I shall never have any husband in this world!"

"And—if he is false?" said her father.

Sylvia did not answer for an instant.

"Then I shall never have one—anywhere," she said at length, slowly, and there was something in her face that silenced the words her father had been about to speak.

There was a prophecy, it seemed, in Colonel Darchester's speech. It was not very long after this that he fell ill, and, going from worse to worse, soon both knew that in a little while Sylvia would be all alone—that he would never rise from his sick-bed again. It was almost like her own death sentence, for these two had ever had such a love for each other as nothing could come between. Now that their hours together were numbered, she would not resign one of them, night and day tending him with that quieting calm which a breaking heart knows how to counterfeit for love's sake. But one midnight, when he seemed sleeping, and there was nothing but the feeble glimmer of the watch-lamp to see the silent tears kept back from the daylight, lest they should trouble him, she saw his eyes open and fix on her face.

"Don't cry like that, child," he said, feebly; "you make it harder for me—remembering the harm I have done you."

Sylvia looked at him anxiously, fearing lest his mind was beginning to wander.

"No," he said, answering her look: "it is on my conscience—Sylvia, Ray never wrote to you, because I made him promise—"

"Father!" cried Sylvia, springing up with a sudden, sharp wail as of intolerable pain; then, seeing her agitation reflected in the sick man's face, she forced herself into quiet, and, sitting down by him, took his hand and laid it against her cheek with a fond, soothing gesture. He gave an uneasy sigh, and resumed, after a little:

"I put him on his honor to hold no communication with you until he could show himself prepared to meet my conditions. You were such a child—I thought you would forget him and do better. I wanted you to have your chance, Sylvia," he added, almost pleadingly.

"Poor father! you did it for the best," said Sylvia, softly stroking the wasted hand in hers.

"God knows!—but it was ill done, Sylvia," and he sighed again, restlessly.

Ill done, truly! Sylvia's heart could not but echo it when, a little later, Colonel Darchester lay in his grave, and she was all alone. Her father was gone, and Ray was gone, whom he might have left a strong stay for her desolation, but whom he had himself taken from her. Yet, Sylvia cast no reproach on his memory, not even in that trying hour when she took, from the place he had indicated, the little bundle of letters, with their unbroken seals, just as she had given them to him. She opened one of them, but as her eye by chance fell on the words, "I will wait for you, Ray, all my life if need be," she closed it again hastily; she could not bear to recall all that might have been hers, and never could be now; she thought, with a sudden, passionate yearning for death, that she was barely twenty, and that that lifetime's waiting might be a very long one; she looked shudderingly along the whole blank stretch of years, with no love to shorten them.

But there was a latent strength in Sylvia's softness that forbade her to lie down and die. The first intolerable anguish over, she took up her cross again, and faced the weary road, neither with defiance nor despair, but with that quiet patience which grows with the burden.

Withal, it was, doubtless, well for her that other cares came to occupy her. Colonel Darchester's pension ceased with his death, and he could leave his daughter little besides the tiny house, with its strip of garden that had been his special care. Sylvia could not live on roses and dew; she must bestir herself to satisfy the unsympathetic body, which will not resign one of its prosaic wants, however the soul may hunger and faint. Fortunately, in her case, the wants were of the simplest, and provided for without much difficulty.

So two more years slipped by. Sylvia was twenty-two, a girl still, yet as far removed from all girlish things as if a score had been added to her age. Not that she had grown old, for, if the bloom of girlhood was gone, its freshness and softness remained. And, indeed, she had gained more than she had lost, for the lovely soul revealed itself more clearly through the transparent covering, and replaced prettiness with beauty. No, she had not grown old, but she had grown estranged; in the world, but not of it, she lived in a wonderful land all her own, not quite past nor future, but the might-have-been transformed into an unreal yet most real present.

In all this time, no tidings of Ray. Dead or alive, he had passed utterly out of the world that had known him. The pictures he had turned to the wall with such reluctant haste gathered dust undisturbed, and the colors faded gradually out of the canvas, just as his image faded out of the memory of all—save one. That one forgot neither the artist nor his creations. It was so she loved best to think of him, only successful, famous, crowned with the laurels she fondly believed his right. She could never pass the place where he had worked without a moment's pause and a wistful glance upward, as if she might still see his face at the window, or his shadow thrown across the lighted curtain. And standing so once, as if her yearnings had had power to bring up a ghost out of the long-buried past, she heard a voice speak her name—"Sylvia!"

Ray's voice! Sylvia stood motionless with dropped eyes for an instant, not to lose the sweet cheat; then turned slowly, half expecting to see nothing but empty air. But there was a form beside her—Ray's form, his face, his very self, undisguised to her by the changes of four years. It was suddenly as if she had only waited for this moment through all that time; she never doubted nor questioned; she only laid both her hands in his, and, looking up in his eyes, spoke the one word—"Ray!"

But, after the first moment, a kind of constraint seemed to fall on both. Sylvia recognized that the Ray who had come back was not quite the same Ray who had gone away. There was a certain hardness about him, a reserve most unlike his former self. The old Ray would have poured out questions and explanations in a breath; this one neither asked nor offered any. He told her, indeed, regarding his mysterious disappearance, that he had been carried off by a vessel lying on the coast, but nothing beyond, not a word of his life in all that time since then. Nor did he seem curious about the details of Sylvia's life; he listened, but asked no questions; he heard of Colonel Darchester's death without other comment than that of an indifferent acquaintance. Was it any secret resentment? Was it the insensible estrangement which separation too often sets between even the fondest hearts? Sylvia could not understand the change, but she felt it all the same, and showed its reaction in her own manner. No one would have taken them for other than the most undemonstrative pair of friends, or dreamed that these two had once parted with aching hearts.

That was what the old, passionate romance had subsided into—a quiet, commonplace sort of friendship, that might seemingly have been broken off at any moment without pain to either. They saw each other constantly, but never a word of love was spoken between them, and still Ray continued equally silent about the past and future. Sylvia knew that he had other society than hers; she had heard especially of a certain Helena Rivers, who had been a fellow-passenger on his return-voyage, but she had not heard it from him; it was only by the merest chance that Miss Rivers's name came to be mentioned between them.

Sylvia had just opened a book she had brought home, and turning to look at the frontispiece, gave a little exclamation:

"Why, that is like—"

"Well," said Ray, as she stopped, "like whom?"

"Like Miss Rivers, I think," said Sylvia, handing him the book. "Is it not?"

Ray just glanced at it.

"Yes, there is a resemblance," he said; then, after a moment, "you know Miss Rivers, then, Sylvia?"

"I have seen her once or twice, when I was giving Annie Heaton her music-lesson," answered Sylvia. "She is related to the family, I believe."

"Ah!" Ray pushed the book aside, then, with a kind of recklessness, "Sylvia," said he, "suppose a no'er-do-well, who has made a failure of life generally, found a marriage with such a girl as that on the cards, would you advise him to try his chance?"

Sylvia did not reply for a moment, conscious of the eyes fixed on her; then, opening the book again, she said, with a smile:

"Why not? she is very pretty and very sweet."

"Very pretty and very sweet," repeated Ray, in the same half-mocking tone. "Two excellent reasons; but there is a third, that she is also very rich—you say nothing about that?"

"Not to you, Ray," answered Sylvia, quietly, looking up in his face.

There came a sudden light into Ray's eyes, under which Sylvia's sank, and it was so like the old time. But he did not speak, and, after a pause, she began again, with a kind of timidity:

"But, Ray, why should you talk about making a failure of life? You are only twenty-six; is that too late to begin over again, and do all you once dreamed of doing—if you still care for art?"

"Art!" repeated Ray. "I turned my back on art years ago for the sake of fortune, who, in reward, turned her back on me," he added, with a hard laugh.

"But is it too late?" urged Sylvia. "Try once more, and win them both. Open your studio again, and set to work—with Miss Rivers's face for inspiration, if you like," she added, with a smile.

"Admirable advice!" said Ray, mockingly. "Shall we set the wedding-bells ringing? Sylvia"—he broke off suddenly—"why do you say such a thing as that to me? You must know that the only face I ever wanted for inspiration is the face I am looking at now!"

"My pale face?" said Sylvia, with a quick, incredulous glance.

"Your pale face!" echoed Ray, taking her hands, and looking down at her with the same tender, eager eyes that had searched hers at their long-ago parting. "My darling! my beautiful white rose, more beautiful even than the blush-rose I left! Sweetest cheek that has grown pale with watching for me—yes, for me—tell me so—tell me so, Sylvia!"

"Is it true?" was all Sylvia could say, "Oh, Ray, is it true?" Her senses seemed to fail for very happiness; she hardly heard the passionate words he poured into her ears. "Oh," she said, at last, clasping her hands, and laughing that she might not cry, "yes, we will open our studio now! Oh, we shall make our way—we have each other; we can work!"

"And would you really come to a good-for-nothing without a penny?—come to him, and work for him, Sylvia?" said Ray.

"Would I?" said Sylvia, and voice and eyes supplied any want of words.

"And you shall come!" cried Ray, with an exultant ring in his tone; "yes, but to do nothing harder than look at me and talk to me! I told you of my misfortune, Sylvia, but not of my fortune. That was the beginning of luck for me. I am not a 'Monte-Cristo,'" he went on, jestingly, perhaps in his turn to cover some emotion, "but still I have heaped up treasures enough in my wanderings, to make future work purely a labor of love."

"But, Ray," said Sylvia, amazed, "why have you kept it from me all this while?"

Ray's dark cheek reddened a little. "I am ashamed to own my weakness," he said, "but, Sylvia, a life that is turned violently out of its natural bent is very apt to get permanently warped. In those years when I was plodding through an uncongenial task, without one word to encourage me, I kept brooding over all I had given up; and when the prospect looked just as dark, month after month, I said to myself, with a despairing sort of pride, that, if it were to my life's end, I would never see Sylvia again till I could satisfy her prudence—"

"Ray!" cried Sylvia, in incredulous reproach.

"I know, Sylvia, it was shamefully unjust, but not, perhaps, wholly unnatural. Well, I came home, and, for the first moment, forgot everything, with your hands in mine. But then your manner grew so constrained, so cold—"

"Because of yours."

"Was it that? Yes, I suppose so; but I saw everything wrong, and I kept waiting for some sign from you. But to-night you brought back the old time so completely, it was too much for me."

"Thank Heaven!" said Sylvia, softly.

So the wrong was righted, and love and faith had their reward even in this world—which chances, perhaps, less rarely than some would have us believe. The studio was re-opened, not with Miss Rivera's dark eyes for inspiration though, but a lovely pale face, which, as Ray's pictures are now known, Fortune having lavished her smiles on him as soon as he was in no more need of them, may often be traced on the canvas of the artist, who is as unconsciously apt as most other artists to make a model of the face he loves best.—*Appleton's Journal.*

# ITEMS OF INTEREST.

☞ Cure for a felon—The penitentiary.

☞ The motto of the washerwomen—While there's life there's soap.

☞ "Are you fond of tongue, sir?" "I was always fond of tongue, madam, and I like it still."

☞ A gentleman recently refused to celebrate his silver wedding on the ground that he was "not yet reduced to beggary."

☞ It is said that two cows is the current market value of a woman in Eastern Africa. Here it often requires but one calf to obtain a charming bride.

☞ A new freak of fashion consists of birth announcement-cards. They are exceedingly small, and the announcement reads, "Compliments of Mr. and Mrs. Blank, and son or daughter, as the case may be. February 10, 3 P. M."

☞ Fourteen fathers in Quincy, Ill., have signed an agreement not to permit their daughters to take music-lessons until the young women know how to bake bread.

☞ At a recent political meeting, a young Demosthenes, being called upon to speak, began by expressing his thanks for having been "desiccated" for that duty. The laughter which followed effectually dried up the flow of eloquence.

☞ A fortune-telling swindler was arrested in Baltimore recently, and at the examination one witness stated that she had paid the prisoner at various times sums amounting to $600 "to have her husband's affection restored."

☞ Benoni Howard, the millionaire match-manufacturer, of New York, convicted of having counterfeited United States internal revenue stamps, has been sentenced to five years' imprisonment in the penitentiary.

☞ Galvanism was discovered by a man named Swammerdamm, 130 years before Galvani called attention to it. The world, however, will not willingly change the name in order to give him the honor belonging to him. Swammerdammism would be awful.

☞ One of the library servants at a London club being short of funds sat down one night and wrote notes on club stamped paper to prominent tradesmen about the city, requesting small loans, signing the name of the treasurer. He got over £50, and subsequently ten years in jail.

☞ The attachment of some ladies to their lap-dog amounts, in some instances, to infatuation. We have heard of a lap-dog biting a piece out of a male visitor's leg, her mistress thus expressing her compassion; "Poor little creature! I hope it will not make him sick!"

☞ A French physician has discovered that the peculiar odor of Russia leather has a very beneficial effect upon weak lungs, and he advises consumptive persons to repose upon pillows covered with that material. Pocket-book makers can now get rid of their old stocks.

☞ Only $4 000,000 are wanted to insure the carrying out of the Centennial. There are 8,000 000 families in the United States, so it would be only half a dollar to each, and Uncle Sam better pay it for them in the lump.

☞ A Danbury lady recently cast a gloom over a funeral party by exclaiming, in an excited tone, "I declare, I don't enjoy this funeral one bit!" The trouble was that she was a member of a female society for whom no crape badges had been provided.

☞ A man employed in a paper mill at Burnside, New York, was recently caught by his clothing in a shaft revolving 300 times per minute. He was carried about the shaft several times, when his clothing parted, and he was hurled into a bin of rags unhurt.

☞ A philosopher remarks that there is something peculiarly instructive in standing upon a street corner in a large city and watching the men all rushing around trying to make money, and the women all floating around trying to spend it.

☞ There is always something great in that man against whom the world exclaims, at whom every one throws a stone, and on whose character all attempt to fix a thousand crimes without being able to prove one.

☞ Charles V. of Spain, said: "If I know every language I would speak Spanish to God, Italian to wife or sweetheart, French to my friend, English to my bird, German to my horse, and Hungarian to the Devil."

☞ The two or three Americans who have received the "Cross of St. Maurice" from the King of Italy will be pleased to hear that Victor Emanuel's favorite jest is, that "there are two things he never refuses to any man—a cigar and a Cross of St. Maurice."

☞ A Sacramento dealer in hair-oil, who sold on the principle of "no cure, no pay," has sued one of his bald-headed customers, and the latter demands a bald-headed jury, in order that he may be tried by his peers.

☞ The old blue-laws of Connecticut were somewhat discouraging to young men of enterprising connubial aspirations. For instance: "No man shall court a maid in person or by letter without first obtaining consent of her parents; £5 penalty for the first offence, £10 for the second, and for the third, imprisonment during the pleasure of the court."

☞ In London there is a safe-deposit company whose vaults are sunk to a depth of fifty feet below the surface of the street, and form four stories, connected by a hydraulic lift, and resting on a concrete bed, fifteen feet in thickness. The walls are built of fireproof Staffordshire bricks a yard in thickness, with an inner shell of chilled steel three inches thick. The whole is inclosed in an outer wall of Sussex bricks, ten feet thick. The stories above the ground floor will be used as offices.

☞ A farmer living a few miles back of West Point, N. Y., had an old horse of whom he was getting tired, and being unwilling to kill him, concluded to take him across the river, ten miles back in the country, and leave him to whatever might happen. Three days after he went to his stable and there stood his horse in the stall. He had walked down to the river, and the ferryman knowing the horse, gave him a free passage, and so he found his way home. His master was so affected by this exhibition of the old horse's love of home that he promised to take care of him to the end of his life.

Among the odd things that have transpired lately is a breakfast given by Mlle. Milly-Christine, the double woman, to the Paris press. This feast was given with great style at the Grand Hotel. The call was responded to by a goodly force of reporters, all eager to discover how the creature partook of food and would receive guests, and many were the surmises as to whether the two heads were served separately, and if the monster could eat with one mouth while the other drank. A master of ceremonies, dressed in black, introduced the visitors into the saloon, where they were received by the odd hostess and her guardians. The lady was dressed in black velvet and silk, the bodice made low in neck, and a profusion of chains, rings and brooches adorned her person. On entering the dining-room it was found that one chair served the double woman, but that separate plates, etc., were placed just as though for two distinct persons, and to all appearance two separate beings indulged in the dainties of the bountiful spread. After the collation Milly-Christine sang and danced for their guests, all of whom remained until the hour arrived for the monstrosity to exhibit, and then took their departure.

A writer in Lippincott's Magazine says the household manners of Napoleon were those of a boor. "When the established hour for dining at Malmaison was six o'clock, and, though etiquette forbade any one to approach the table before the announcement of the head of the house, he often failed to appear before seven, eight, or even ten o'clock. A chicken or some other article was placed on the spit every fifteen minutes by order of the cook, who knew well the habits of the Emperor. The table manners of Napoleon may have been those of the hero; they were certainly anything but those of the gentleman. He completed the process of cramming—it could scarcely be called eating—in six or seven minutes, as a rule. Ignoring the use of knives and forks as regarding his own plate, he did not stop there, but 'helped himself with his fingers from the dishes nearest him, and dipped his bread in the gravy.'"


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## JAMIE.

(THE BOY VIOLINIST OF THE BOSTON THEATRE.)

Two wistful, star-like eyes,
A babyfied mouth and chin,
Masses of shining, wavy hair,
Framing the small face in;
Night after night, in the grand gaslight,
He drew his magical bow,
And the crowd before him, wild with delight,
Applauded so,
He fairly trembled with fright.

Dear little dimpled hands,
Just right for mamma's fond kiss,
To and fro they glancing go,
And never miss;
And costly flowers, in fragrant showers
Are rained at his tiny feet;
And he drops the bow he has held for hours
With a gesture sweet;
And gathers them up with childish glee,
And bows his thanks to the company,
While they the cheer repeat.

From whence his marvellous skill?
No one taught him a word—
Who will hearken if we should tell
A story, dreamed or heard?
When his baby-spirit came
Adown the ladder of stars,
The angel was slow in shutting the gate,
And sliding the silver bars;
And his ears were filled with the swelling strain,
Till his white feet touched the earth,
And the very first sound that awoke in his brain,
From the hour of his birth,
Were echoes from Eden's plain!

And the angel said it will never do,
We must call him back again,
But their will and word could not break through
To the homes and hearts of men;
So night after night, in the grand gaslight,
He swept the quivering strings;
And no one heard at the tumult's height,
The stir of wings!
And no one thought as the last strain fell,
Dying away like a sad farewell,
It was Jamie's closing night.

Asleep on his pillow he lay,
In the loving air of home,
When, tossing his arms in a pleading way,
He cried aloud for "room!"
He talks in his sleep, the father said,
And listened for every word—
"Make room for a little fellow;"
Alas! and the angels heard.
And the deft little hands are folden
Over the quiet breast,
And the cherub face hath taken its place,
Where the Courts of Heaven are holden,
And the harps are pearl and golden,
And the harpers play at the King's behest.

MIRIAM EARL.

## Legends of the Revolution.

BY ARTHUR ST. CLAIR.

The hour-hand on the great Dial of the Universe is swiftly approaching the close of the first century of our national existence.

Soon we shall hear the heavy peal of the clock of Destiny announcing that the Day and the Hour have come. And then, shall we not also hear a response from a thousand trumpets, and from ten thousands of cannon? For it will be the Hundredth Birthday of a Nation of Freemen!

Sound then, ye Trumpets! Peal out, oh ye Cannon! And let the voice of thanksgiving and praise, and the silver tones of the church-bells, and the solemn ocean music of the organ also ascend to God on high!

And in these few intervening hours of waiting, what can be more fitting for us than to recall some of the stirring and pathetic memories of that great Revolutionary struggle, which gave our Nation a right to be—which planted it as a mighty Tree of Freedom among the ancient forests of superstition and tyranny; a Tree which finally shall overshadow the whole earth!

Such incidents and legends will enable us better to realize the severity of the seven years' struggle through which our Fathers toiled and suffered and conquered! And, in recalling these scenes, where could we begin with greater propriety than with the following well authenticated Legend of

### THE ESCAPE OF WASHINGTON.

It was during that gloomy period of the war when the American army held West Point as the palladium of its hope, that a gentleman mounted on a large and powerful horse might have been seen traversing one of the winding roads in the vicinity of the fortress.

It was past the hour of noon when he entered the yard in front of a handsome stone mansion, and cantering up to the porch prepared to dismount.

He had scarcely reached the ground, when the owner of the mansion rushed from the door and received him with the warmest demonstrations of admiration and respect.

"You are early, my dear general," said he, "but I am thankful for it, for I shall have the more of your instructive and pleasant society."

"Yes," replied his visitor, who had the courtly manners of a gentleman of the old school, "I found that I could as easily reach here by one as by three o'clock, and so if you will simply give me to-day a soldier's dinner, which your skilful Minerva can dish up in an hour, I will excuse the more elaborate entertainment which you promised me."

A shade of disappointment passed over his host's features. "I am very sorry, indeed, for I told Nervy to do her best and prettiest. But she will not be able to give us much of a feast at so short a notice."

"It cannot be helped, for I must be back to West Point by three o'clock; and you must remember, moreover, Mr. Bullion, that I am a soldier, and used to soldier's fare. Besides, it hardly becomes me to be feasting when so many of our poor veterans are almost starving."

"No, of course not. And yet nothing, in my opinion, could be too good for you, general. Without you, we should all go at once to ruin."

"Thank you for your good opinion," replied his visitor; "but I have been brought up in too religious a school, to believe that a good cause depends upon the life of any man. What the Eternal Father wills to triumph, will triumph—in spite of men or devils—if we all do our duty."

While this conversation was in progress, the horse had been hitched to a post, and the two gentlemen had entered the parlor of the mansion. The host then left the room to order dinner.

After his return the two sat conversing upon various matters until word came that dinner was ready. The visitor, whom doubtless our readers have already surmised to be Washington, appeared to be in a very composed and affable mood, though somewhat more inclined to lapse into that cold dignity of which so much has been unduly said, than was usual with him on such informal and friendly occasions. The manner of his host, however, seemed unaccountably constrained and embarrassed. He asked questions, then jumped up and went to the window without waiting for an answer, and manifested throughout that something had occurred to make him excitable and nervous.

When they entered the dining-room and took their seats alone at the table—all of Mr. Bullion's family being absent, as he averred, on a visit—Washington, for the first time, gave a slight start.

"Is it not very early for green peas, my friend?" he said, in a somewhat severe tone.

"Yes—I believe—it is," stammered his host. "But," and he recovered himself with a strong effort, "I had heard that your Excellency was particularly fond of them, and had them procured down the river."

"They are very nice when good; but sometimes when brought from a distance, say as far as New York"—this latter was said with a slight emphasis—"they lose their freshness. Why even these have a peculiar look about them—as if they were not quite wholesome." And Washington bent a penetrating look upon the face of his host, which was now as white as the tablecloth.

"I—think—your—Excellency—will—find—them—very fresh—indeed," gasped out his entertainer.

"It may be, but in order to keep my brain in good condition, I have to be very careful of what I eat," replied Washington. "Here, Carlo, do you like green peas?" and he called to a little dog that was playing about the room.

The dog speedily dispatched two or three spoonfuls of the peas, which Washington put on a plate for him. Then he lay down, gave a short, sharp bark, and rolled over on his side, either dead or in a stupor.

"I do not think those peas are suitable to be put before a guest," said Washington, sternly. "Mr. Bullion, you are a traitor—and would be also a murderer!"

"Forgive me!" cried the detected Tory, sinking on his knees, as Washington rose, and put his hand on his sword.

"Justice is for traitors and murderers, not forgiveness. Prepare at once to accompany me to headquarters.

"No—leave not this room!" continued Washington, seizing him by the collar, as his false host was about passing to the door.

"I—wish—to—get—my—hat—and—a—few—clothes."

"Order them, then, to be brought to you. I shall not trust you out of my sight until we reach the Fort. And beware—if you attempt to escape, I will kill you on the spot. But you shall have a fair trial—I will not condemn you; the laws of your country shall judge you."

The Tory glanced anxiously out of the window. Suddenly his eyes lighted up—his whole demeanor altered. He laughed aloud.

"Would not your Excellency as leave go to New York with me, as have me go to West Point with you?" cried he, jocosely.

"You will find this too serious a matter for joking about, sir."

"You think so, my dear general, do you? Well, now, it seems to me one of the very best jokes in the world—look there!" and he pointed through the window to the lawn before the mansion.

Washington looked, and beheld the red coats of a party of British dragoons, who had just dismounted, and were preparing to surround the house.

"You are my prisoner, general," exclaimed Mr. Bullion triumphantly; "and the war is over!"

Washington smiled coldly. He did not seem at all discomposed—neither did he make any effort to escape.

At this moment the Captain and Lieutenant of the Dragoons entered the room.

"Glad to see you, gentlemen," cried the Tory. "You are early, but as things have turned out, not a moment too soon. There is your man"—pointing to Washington—"and all our fortunes are made."

But the officers stirred not.

"Arrest that double-dyed traitor!" thundered Washington; "and take him to headquarters."

"Why—why—what—do you mean?" cried the Tory, his face blanching again, as the Captain of Dragoons laid a heavy hand upon his shoulder.

"It means that you cannot always tell a bird by the color of his feathers," replied the officer; and then the outwitted Tory saw that his so-thought British friends were really Americans, disguised in British uniforms.

"Look at that dead dog," said Washington to the officers. "He died from eating the food prepared for me."

The captain pulled a pistol from his pocket, and put the muzzle to the Tory's forehead. "I will just blow out his brains on the spot, General; it will be all the same to him in the end, and will save us a great deal of trouble."

But the Tory sprang from him, and flung himself on his knees at the feet of the chief whom he would, Judas-like, have betrayed with the kiss of a friend, crying, "Mercy! mercy! mercy!"

"The cowardly wretch!" hissed the captain, striding after him with his pistol, "he has not even the courage to stand up and be shot decently, like a man."

"Obey your orders—take him to the fort," repeated his commander.

"Of course, if your Excellency says so—but old Putnam's way was to hang such fellows first, and try them afterward."

And so one traitorous plot was foiled. Information of Mr. Bullion's treachery had been conveyed to Washington by a trusty agent in New York of the name of Francis. This Francis, who was an ardent Whig, was betrothed to a young lady who was a daughter in a family where several of the principal Tory leaders boarded; and she overheard this infamous scheme as she had overheard many others.

Of course the British officers were not let into the stupefying or poisoning portion of the plot, whichever it was—for they would not have tolerated it for a moment. But the hatred of some of the Tory leaders toward the Whig cause and its great chieftain, almost amounted to a monomania, and they hesitated at nothing to gratify their malice.

When the genuine British dragoons arrived at the Bullion mansion, punctually to the hour of three, they found that their host and his visitor had already departed, and in a different direction to that in which they intended to escort them.

As to the wretch who so well deserved the halter, tradition says that he was not hung, but released, after a considerable period of imprisonment, at the earnest entreaties of a young and beautiful daughter. As his act was merely planned and premeditated, but not accomplished, probably it was thought that the severest penalty of the law could not justly be inflicted. And, while Washington was inflexible in everything where the good of the country was imperilled, he was, like all truly great and noble souls, rather disposed, where merely his own personal wrongs were concerned, to err on the side of Mercy than of Justice.

### A Big Ranche.

"The Greatest Herdsman in the World," is the title claimed for Samuel W. Allen, of Texas, who owns 225,000 cattle. He has one ranche, 80 miles long and 40 wide, between the Nevada and Colorado rivers, the largest on the continent, which pastures 120,000. Two others accommodate respectively 70,000 and 35,000. These cattle all subsist on the native grasses of a part of Texas. His herds require the attention of at least 400 herders and branders and the use of 3,000 horses. He brands 60,000 calves every year to keep up the supply. The value of his stock, exclusive of the land, exceeds five millions and a half. He is the chief meat purveyor for New Orleans and the neighboring counties of the gulf coast.

HIS FATHER'S OWN CHILD.

CHARLIE.—"I say, ma, pay me that shilling you promised me!"
MAMA.—"Wait till I've finished my shopping."
CHARLIE.—"Ah, but you won't have any money at all left then!"

## Origin of Familiar Names.

The following is a list of women's names, alphabetically arranged, showing the languages from which the names are derived, giving a condensed definition of their meaning, and occasionally a brief historical reminiscence. The chief authority for these derivations and definitions is Miss C. M. Yonge's interesting history of Christian names:—

ABIGAIL.—Hebrew and English; means literally "father of joy;" or, as a woman's name, "joyfulness." The name occurs in English registers as early as 1576, and was a favorite until Abigail Masham, one of Queen Anne's maids, by her intriguing disposition, brought upon the name unmerited reproach.

ADA.—Teutonic and English, means "happy."

ADELAIDE.—Teutonic, German, English and French; means "noble cheer." Every name in which the syllables "Adel" appear mean something noble.

AGATHA.—Greek, Hungarian and English, means "good." The use of the word as an European name was owing to a Sicilian girl called Agatha, who, in the Decian persecution, was tortured to death at Rome. She was made a Saint, and her festival day is observed by both the Eastern and Western churches.

AGNES.—Greek, German, Danish and English, means "pure." Saint Agnes, a Roman maiden, suffered martyrdom.

AILEEN.—German and Irish; the same as Ellen, Helen, &c., means "light."

ALICE.—Teutonic and English. See Adelaide.

AMANDA.—Latin and English; means "worthy to be beloved." From the Latin "Amo," to love.

AMELIA.—Teutonic, Portuguese and English, means "work."

AMY.—Latin and English; means "beloved."

ANN, ANNA and ANNE.—Hebrew and English; means "grace."

ARABELLA.—Teutonic and English, means "eagle heroine." (?) The derivation is not certain, but it is supposed to have come from the Norman word "arn," meaning eagle.

AUGUSTA.—Latin, German and English; means "venerable." At Rome the Augustus was always the reigning Emperor, the Augusta, after Diocletian, was his wife.

BARBARA.—Greek, Russian, Italian and German; means "stranger." The true old English form is Barbary. Barbara is the feminine of the term applied by the Greeks to all who did not speak their own tongue—hence the meaning "stranger."

BEATRICE.—Latin, German and English; means "blesser."

BERTHA.—Teutonic, German and English; means "bright."

BESSIE.—Hebrew and Scotch. See Elizabeth.

BIDDY.—Celtic and Irish. See Bridget.

BLANCHE.—Teutonic and French; means "white." The absence of color is in all tongues of Western Europe denoted by forms of "bleo." Certain forms of the name as Bianca, Blanca, etc., are hence found in most of the European countries.

BRIDGET.—Celtic and English; means "strength." Brighid was always a favorite female name in Ireland, owing to a maiden who became a pupil of St. Patrick and rose to be the head of five hundred nuns. She was one of the patron saints of Ireland and was regarded with great devotion both there and in Scotland. Sweden has a Brigitta of somewhat similar history.

CAROLINE.—Teutonic, German, French and English; means "man." Caroline and Charlotte are both derived from Karl, primarily used to denote man in his manhood.

CATHARINE.—Greek and English; means "pure." No name is more universal in all countries and none has more varied contractions, the more common English, Scotch and Irish being Kate, Kitty, Katie and Kathleen.

CHARITY.—Greek and English; means "love." Charity, contracted into "Cherry," became a common English name after the Reformation.

CHARLOTTE.—See Caroline.

CLARA.—Latin, Spanish and English; means "famous." The feminine name is derived from Italy, where the first "Clara," as she was there called, established the order of women following the rule of St. Francis, called Poor Clares, or Sisters of St. Clara.

DEBORAH.—Hebrew and English; means "bee."

DELIA.—Greek and English; means "of Delos." Sometimes used as a name and sometimes as a contraction of "Cordelia," meaning "jewel of the sea."

DINAH.—Hebrew and English; means "judgment."

DOLLY.—Greek and English; means "gift of God." It has taken the place with Dora, of the original of both names, viz.: Dorothea or Dorothy, once a common English name.

DORA.—See Dolly.

EDITH.—Teutonic and English; means "rich gift."

EFFIE.—Greek and Scotch; means "fair speech." It is a contraction of Euphemia.

EILEEN.—See Aileen and Helen.

ELEANORA.—See Helen.

ELIZA.—See Elizabeth.

ELIZABETH.—Hebrew and English; means "God's oath." Aaron's wife was Elisheba, meaning "God hath sworn." The name occurs in many forms in the Gospel, and has an almost endless number of derivatives at the present day. Isabel is a form of the name which is translated to mean "Baal's oath." Some of the commoner forms of the name are Eliza, Bessie, Betsey, Betty, Lizzie, Libby, Lisa, Elise, Isabella, Isabel and Belle. Scotland and Spain are the countries of Isabel; England and Germany of Elizabeth.

ELLA.—Teutonic and English; means "elf friend."

ELLEN.—See Helen.

EMILY.—Latin and English, meaning "Work."

EMMA.—Teutonic and English. This favorite name is traced to the first lispings of affection of a child to its mother or nurse—Amme in Germany, Ama in Spain. As a name it was at first exclusively Frank, and used by the Karling daughters. The first Emma in popular tradition was a daughter of Charlemagne, of whom a very romantic story is told. Another was the sister of Hugh Capet. The name took strong hold of the popular mind as a "Saxon" name. It is also believed to be related to the Italian Erminia.

EMELINE.—See Amelia and Emily.

ESTHER.—Persian and English; means "Star." The Latin form is Stella.

ETHEL.—Tuetonic and English; "Noble." See Adelaide.

EUGENIA.—Greek, English, Spanish, Italian; means "well born."

EVANGELINE.—Greek and American; means "happy messenger." It has been adopted as a name since Longfellow made Evangeline the heroine of his poem.

EVE.—Hebrew and English; means "life."

EVELEEN.—Celtic and Irish; means "pleasant." Other forms are Eveline and Evelina.

FANNY.—See Frances.

FLORA.—Latin and English; means "flowers."

FLORENCE.—Latin and English; means "flourishing." The goddess of flowers was called from their Latin name "flos," and it has passed into all European languages except the German.

FRANCES.—Teutonic and English; means "free."

GERTRUDE.—Teutonic, French and English; means "spear-maid." The ancient popularity of the name was due to the royal nun, a daughter of one of the great Pepins of France, who founded the abbey of Nivelle.

HANNAH.—Hebrew and English; means "grace." The names, derived from the Hebrew original, are in much more common use than the name Hannah itself. The more common forms are Ann, Anna, Anne, Nancy and Nanny.

HARRIET.—Teutonic and English; means "Home rule." Hatty, Hetty and Harry have the same meaning.

HELEN.—Greek and Scotch; means "light." It is derived from Helos, but has passed through numerous alterations. Some forms of the name are Ellen, Helena, Ealine, Eleanor, Nelly, Leonora, Eleanora, Aileen or Eileen, and in Spanish Leon.

IDA.—Teutonic, English and German; means "happy."

INEZ.—See Agnes.

IRENE.—Greek, French, Italian and English; means "peace."

ISABEL.—See Elizabeth.

IMOGEN.—Concerning this beautiful name, a correspondent says: "Can you tell me its origin and meaning or derivation? I have heard that it is a name purely of Shakspeare's invention or coinage, but in the course of my general reading I have not come across any authority for the fact." Miss Yonge, in her history of Christian names, ascribes no meaning to "Imogen," which was omitted from our list as not being in common use. She says, however, "As to Imogen, the real charm of the play, no British lady either accounts for or explains her name; but in German genealogies we fall upon Imagina of Limburg in 1400; and there are various other instances of the like; so that Shakspeare may be supposed to have heard of one of them and adopted her as the heroine of the old story of the deserted and betrayed wife which he so strangely placed at the court of the last independent British prince. Or Imogen may be a Shaksperean version of Yyrcge, daughter of Pandrasus, Emperor of Greece, and wife of Brutus, according to Geoffrey of Monmouth?" In addition to Miss Yonge's explanation we have the following note from a Shaksperean scholar of high reputation in Philadelphia: "Holinshed's Chronicle, whence Shakspeare drew a portion of the story of Cymbeline, furnished him with the name of Innogen, which in the old black letter in which Shakspeare read, can scarcely be distinguished from Imogen; or, Shakspeare may have regarded *m* as more pleasing to the ear than *n*." "F."

JEMIMA.—Hebrew, Arabic and English; means "Dove." Of Job's three daughters, Jemima, Kezia and Kerenhappuch, the former had the name which has proved most popular, although there were a few Kezias—notably Wesley's sister, who was called "Kissy." The Hebrew interpretation of Jemima makes it "a day," but the Arabic word for "a dove" resembles it more closely.

JENNY.—Hebrew and English; means "Grace of the Lord." It is one of the innumerable forms of "John," which latter has been diversified into Christian names for both sexes in nearly all countries, and into numerous surnames, such as Johnson, Jones, Jenkins and Jackson.

JESSIE.—See Jenny.

JOSEPHINE.—Hebrew, English, and French; means "addition." The first Joseph was the son of Rachael; the name afterward became common in Gospel narrative. From its religious associations Joseph became a popular name in all Roman Catholic countries, and hence arose the feminine forms of Josephine and Josepha. Josephine is an introduction in England from France.

JULIA.—Latin and English; means "downy-bearded." It is derived from Julius, and has other forms, such as Juliana and Juliet.

KATHARINE.—Greek, German and English; means "pure." Katharine was the name of a maiden martyr, chosen as the centre of the allegory of intellectual religion. The use of the letter "K" in spelling the name came into England with printing and the types imported from Germany. See Catharine.

LAURA.—Latin, German, Italian and French; means "Laurel." From the Etruscans the Romans learned the idea of guardian spirits around their hearths, whom they called by the Etruscan word "lar" or "lars," meaning lord or master. The images of these guardians were crowned on festival days, and probably from this circumstance the evergreen whose leaves were used to make the crowns was called "laurus." Laurentius is the original name from which the names of Lawrence, Lorenzo, and probably Laura, have sprung. Laura, however, may be taken from the Greek word meaning "an avenue," or it may be the same as Eleanor, but whatever its derivation, it has long been a favorite name with poets.

LAVINIA.—English; means "of Latium."

LEONORA.—Greek, English and Italian; means "light." See Helen and Eleanor.

LETITIA.—Latin and English; means "gladness." The root was "Lætus," meaning "glad," and the obsolete name Lettice seems to have been the English original of Letitia or Letty.

LILIAN.—Latin and English; means "lily." The name is used in the sense of lily, but it was probably derived from the Italian Ziliola or Cecelia, a name derived from Cœles Vivenna, who named the Cœlian hills.

LIZZIE.—See Elizabeth.

LOUISA.—Teutonic and English; means "famous holiness," and is derived from the male, Louis.

LUCY.—Latin and English; means "light." The feminine of Lucius, Lucia, belonged to a virgin martyr of Syracuse, whose name of "light" was represented by the early painters by a lamp or by an eye, which led to the legend that her beautiful eyes had been put out.

LYDIA.—Greek and English; means "of Lydia." From the city of Lydia was named the seller of purple who hearkened to St. Paul at Thyatira, and to her is owing the prevalence of Lydia among women delighting in Scriptural names.

MABEL.—Latin and English; means "beloved." The name of St. Amable passed into the feminine Amable, whose name on English lips became Amabel, and was thence changed to Mabel, although a few old English families still maintain the original English form.

MADELINE.—Hebrew and English; means "of Magdala." It is derived from Mary of Magdala, and the original, Magdeline, has been extremely popular in Germany, Switzerland, Italy, Spain, France and Poland.

MARGARET.—Greek and English; means "pearl." The Greek original was taken from the Persian name of the jewel, "Mervarid," taken from the oyster. It was said to be a drop of dew which was congealed by the moonbeams when the oyster opened its mouth in adoration. It has been extremely popular under its many forms of Margaret, Margaretta, Margery, Maggie, Meggie, Madge, Peggy, May, Gretchen and Reta.

[This list will be continued in our next number.]

### In Haste To Grow Rich.

I see put up over business men's desks sometimes: "A penny saved is a penny earned," "Time is money," and a great many other whetstone maxims to make men sharp for this world. I have thought it might be well to put up some other things in business establishments for the benefit of the young men connected with them; and it would not hurt the principals to look at them. I would put up the picture of a gallows, of a poor-house, of a penitentiary, of the yard with its striped inmates, and of reeling drunkards; and above these I would have this motto: "The paradise of smart young men!" For cause produces effect; and they are constantly doing the things which lead to such a paradise. And when they have come to it they are in dismay, and they say: "How did this befall me?" It is as if a man should fall into the water and then say: "Astonishing, that I am wet!" Would it not be astonishing if he were not? It is as if a man should put his hand in the fire and say: "Why, it burns!" Did fire ever do anything else? Young men set out to achieve success in forbidden ways, and they have only succeeded in cheating themselves; and they are amazed. They meant to have riches without earning them, and the result is that they are poverty stricken through and through. They meant to take advantage of everybody's trust for their own benefit. By and by everybody loses confidence in them; and when they are mildewed and blasted, and nobody will trust them, they think the world is hard and inhospitable.—*Beecher.*

### Beauty of the Atlantic Waves.

Nothing can be more superb than the green of the Atlantic waves when the circumstances are favorable to the exhibition of the color. As long as a wave remains unbroken no color appears; but when the foam just doubles over the crest, like an Alpine snow-cornice, under the cornice we often see a display of the most exquisite green. It is metallic in its brilliancy. But the foam is necessary to its production. The foam is first illuminated, and it scatters the light in all directions; the light which passes through the higher portion of the wave alone reaches the eye, and gives to that portion its matchless color. The folding of the wave, producing, as it does, a series of longitudinal protuberances and furrows, which act like cylindrical lenses, introduces variations in the intensity of the light and materially enhances its beauty.

## Answers to Correspondents.

PAY YOUR POSTAGE.—Authors and others often send us letters and manuscripts not fully paid. In these cases the Department here enforces payment of the deficiency—which we either have to pay, or to decline receiving the letters or manuscripts. Authors will also bear in mind that the Department now requires letter postage on all manuscripts—therefore it is often cheaper, as it is always safer, to send large packages by express.

WE cannot undertake to answer questions relating to the acceptance or rejection of manuscripts in this column. And there is no occasion of writing to ask whether we will examine a manuscript. Send it on, and we will examine it; keeping a copy, to avoid all danger of loss—as we do not hold ourselves responsible for the safe return of manuscript.

S. M. M., (Tipton, Iowa,) asks: "1st. Where could I obtain a magnet of considerable attraction, and what would be the probable cost? 2d. What will destroy the attractive powers of a magnet upon a piece of steel by placing it between the two?" 1st. Magnets may be obtained usually where optical instruments are kept for sale. The price ranges from $1 to $10 or more. You could get one of moderate power for $5. 2d. A thick piece of glass placed between the two would have the effect you refer to.

ATTICA asks: "What was the population of the world according to the last census?" The census of the world has never been taken, and is not likely to be yet awhile. Estimates place the population of the earth at something over 1,000 millions.

LESTER B., (Sweet Water, N. C.,) wishes to know: "1st. Who was the inventor of gas? 2d. Who was Lucretia Borgia? and tell me something about her? 3d. What do you think of my handwriting, and what is the worst fault or faults in it? 4th. Do you know anything about ——, and is the picture they give to subscribers a genuine chromo? 5th. Which one of the western cities is the most thriving?" 1st. Properly speaking it cannot be said that gas was invented, since it is a natural product. The practicability of collecting the gas expelled from coal by subjecting this to heat appears to have been first discovered by Dr. Clayton, rector of Crofton, Wakefield, Yorkshire, England. The account of his experiments is preserved in a letter to the Hon. Robert Boyle, dated May 12, 1684, and published in the "Transactions of the Royal Society," in 1739. He distilled some coal in a retort, and accidentally discovered the inflammability of the "spirit" which issued forth, bursting through the lute. He collected this spirit in bladders, which he kept, and amused his friends by puncturing the reservoir, and burning the inflammable fluid as it escaped through the aperture. 2d. Lucretia or Lucrezia Borgia, was the daughter of Alexander VI. and sister of Cesare Borgia, and lived in the latter half of the 15th century. She had numberless lovers, and has been accused of revolting crimes, though modern critics doubt the truth of these charges, and some even believe her to have been a very estimable lady. She was affianced in her youth to an Aragonese nobleman, but her father becoming pope gave her in marriage to Giovani Sforza, lord of Pesaro. She afterward married Alfonso, Duke of Bisceglia, whose assassination was ordered two years later by Cesare, her brother. In 1501 she married the Duke of Ferrara. She survived her whole family, and attracted to her court poets and men of letters. Her complexion was fair, and her hair of a kind of silver-blonde so rare as it is beautiful. 3d. It is not good. The letters are irregularly formed. 4th. There is such a publication. We suppose the picture given is a genuine one. 5th. We would not like to attempt to decide that question. Cincinnati, St. Louis, and Chicago all claim to be the Great Western City of the Future.

E. A. N., (Westport,) asks: "1st. About what per cent. of heat from coal burned in the most improved stove passes off with the smoke, and what per cent. passes off in the best kind of cellar heater? 2d. If registered bonds of the government, railroad or any corporation are lost, stolen, or destroyed, will the parties issuing the same make them good to you, or must the purchaser lose them?" 1st. We cannot say; in the best stoves and heaters the loss is not small. 2d. They will be made good upon compliance with certain forms.

"CLYTIE," (Woodville, Miss.,) asks: "1st. Who are the editors of the ——? 2d. What is the proper form of a letter to an editor? 3d. What is the whole story of Clytie? 4th. What is the 'Lost Pleiad'? 5th. Is Rhoda Broughton married or single? 6th. What kind of flowers are the amaranth and the asphodel? 7th. What do you think of my handwriting?" 1st. We would rather not be asked questions about the private concerns of other periodicals. 2d. Your question is a little obscure. "Mr. Editor" is a proper and common form of address, if that is what you mean. 3d. "Clytie was a water-nymph, said to be a daughter of Oceanus and Tethys. She fell in love with Apollo (the sun) and some say he pretended to be in love with her, but others aver that he made no return of affection. At all events, he deserted her, and she, like a foolish nymph, pined away, sitting day after day on the damp ground, refusing food and consolation, gazing constantly at the sun on his daily course through the heavens, until at last she took root, her limbs rooted in the ground, and her face became a flower which turns on its stem so as always to face the sun. In other words, Clytie is the sunflower, emblem of constancy in love. Hood, in his 'Flowers,' thus unkindly alludes to poor Clytie:

"'I will not have the mad Clytie,
Whose head is turned by the sun.'

"Moore is more sympathetic, using the sunflower as the emblem of constancy:

'The heart that has truly loved never forgets,
But as truly loves on to the close;
As the sunflower turns on her god when he sets,
The same look that she turned when he rose.'"

4th. The Pleiades are a group of seven small stars, situated in the neck of the constellation Taurus. Only six of these stars are visible to the naked eye; and the ancients supposed that the seventh (called the lost Pleiad) concealed herself out of shame for having bestowed her love upon a mere mortal, Sisyphus, while her sisters were the favorites of divine personages. 5th. Rhoda Broughton is the daughter of an English clergyman, and unmarried. 6th. The amaranth is a genus of the family amaranthaceæ. This genus is rich in species, most of which grow within the tropics. There are various ornamental exotic species cultivated in this country, and in Europe, however. The asphodel is a genus of perennial plants, embracing several ornamental species belonging to the order liliaceæ. The name is of Greek derivation, implying the peerless or kingly flower, and the asphodels have long been among the favorites of florists and flower-lovers.

BOY PREACHER, (Philad.,) 1st. We cannot give you the address of the company concerning which you inquire. 2d. Your handwriting is very good.

A. E. C. writes as follows, in reference to the interesting hair-snake question: "I have seen in your correspondents' columns some inquiries and remarks in regard to the so-called hair-snake, and have thought that I would send you what I accidentally learned of this phase of animal life. I found one of these creatures in a bottle that was standing in a shady place with a little rain-water in it. I found also in the water-place a large black cricket. I dissected the cricket and found its body full of the same creatures in an immature state. I have never since doubted the origin of the 'hair-snake.' It closely resembles the Guinea worm of the East Indies, that so much troubles the natives and the missionaries of the mountainous districts. The egg of an insect is taken into the stomach by drinking the water unfiltered. It is hatched in the stomach or intestines, and makes the way to the surface of the body, where suppuration takes place and the worm is removed day by day, great care being necessary to remove it without breaking, otherwise it causes great pain and suffering. I have seen one taken from a lady's foot twenty-one inches in length, which caused her to go on crutches for several weeks."

ALADE.—The story of "A Man Without a Country," by E. E. Hale, is nothing more than a loveable and fascinating creation of the writer's brain.

KATE, (Camden, O.,) asks: "1st. Is —— published in book form; and how much will it cost? 2d. What is the greatest size a fuchsia will grow in this country? We have one a little over a year old, that is seven and a half feet high. 3d. Last, but not least, how will my writing do?" 1st. Yes. A copy of the work in cloth will cost $1.75. 2d. We never heard of a larger plant of that species than the one you mention. 3d. Yes, it will "do"; especially for us, as it is very legible.

J. C. S., (Leesburg, Caswell Co., N. C.) 1st. We cannot pretend to advise you. Consult a good physician. 2d. The fare by rail from Leesburg, N. C., to Poughkeepsie, N. Y., can best be ascertained by applying at the nearest ticket-station, or by writing to an agent at some office where through tickets are sold. 3d. Your handwriting is fair.

M. J. S., (Ridgway, S. C.,) writes: "1st. Please tell me how to put a fancy frame around my chromo. 2d. What you use to make it stick on card-board, as I would like to fix 'Little Samuel' the same way?" 1st. A cheap but tasteful rustic frame that would look very well, can be had of almost any picture-dealer. In country places cabinet makers sometimes frame pictures. 2d. The simplest way of putting your picture on the wall is to paste it on cardboard, and put a rim of gilt paper around, or of black paper with an inner border of gilt, punch a hole in the top, run a loop of cord or ribbon through and hang up. Or, make a plain frame of wood and ornament it. First stain and let it dry, then design figures upon it with acorns or garden seeds. Some quite beautiful work of this kind is seen at agricultural fairs. Beans, corn or melon seeds are used, and small polished black or yellow kinds for groundwork. Have the glue hot, and spread a small space on the frame with a brush, then drop the seeds, according to design, and afterward varnish. If you do not want all this trouble, cover the wooden frame, no matter how rough, with maroon-colored velvet, and it will look very tasteful. Pretty frames of a fragile kind are made with straws, and cut paper, and thin-shaven wood. The devices are endless; and many simple kinds are wonderfully cheap at the picture dealers.

[Several letters are held over to be answered in our next.]